Saturday Review

MAY 7, 1960 / 25¢

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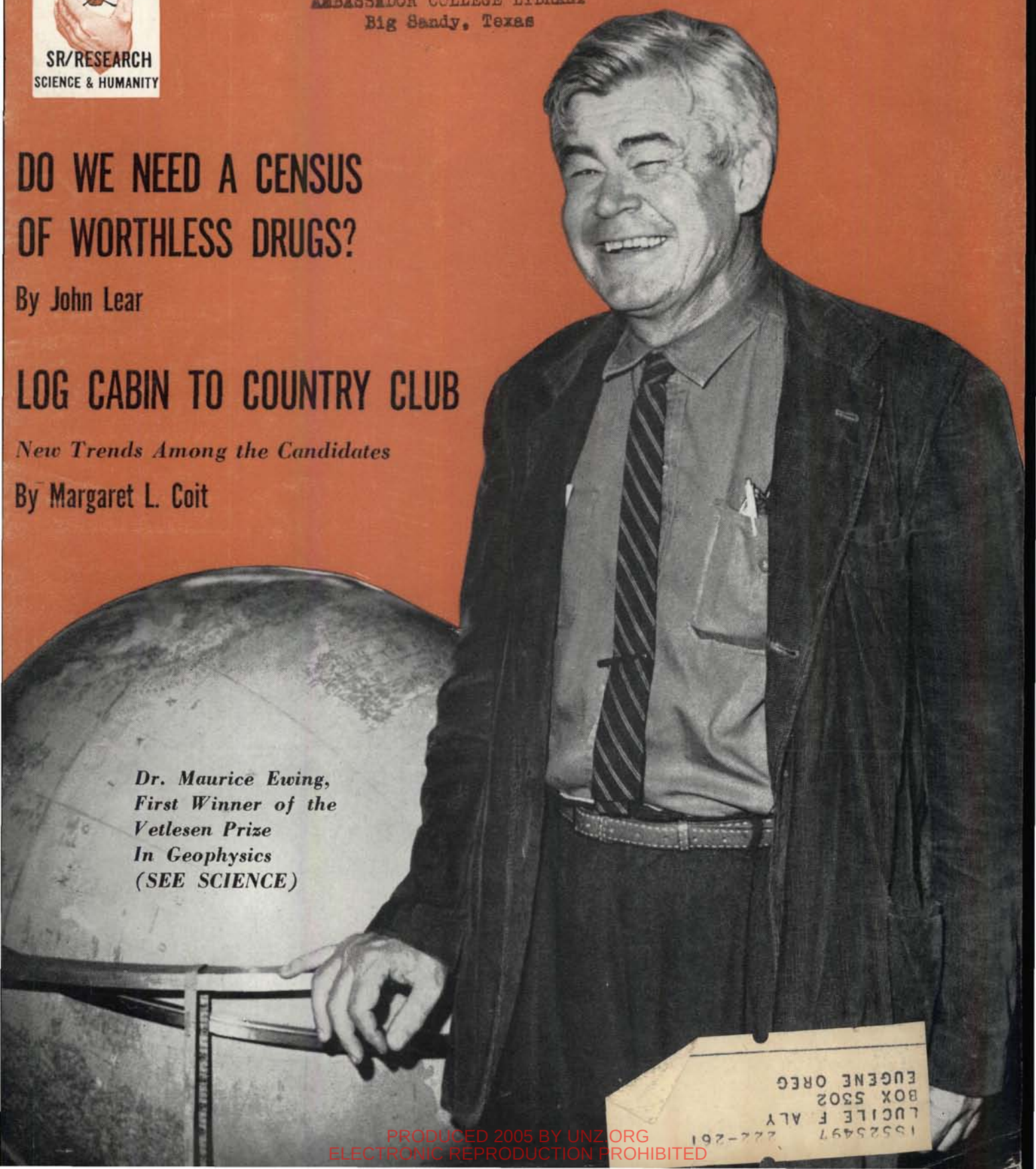
DO WE NEED A CENSUS OF WORTHLESS DRUGS?

By John Lear

LOG CABIN TO COUNTRY CLUB

New Trends Among the Candidates

By Margaret L. Coit



Dr. Maurice Ewing, First Winner of the Vetlesen Prize In Geophysics (SEE SCIENCE)

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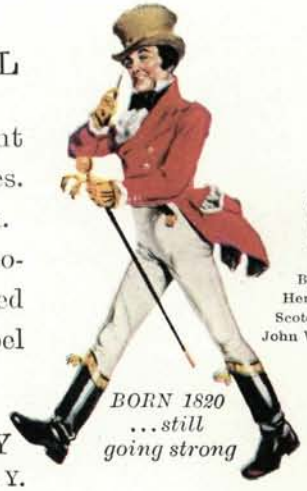

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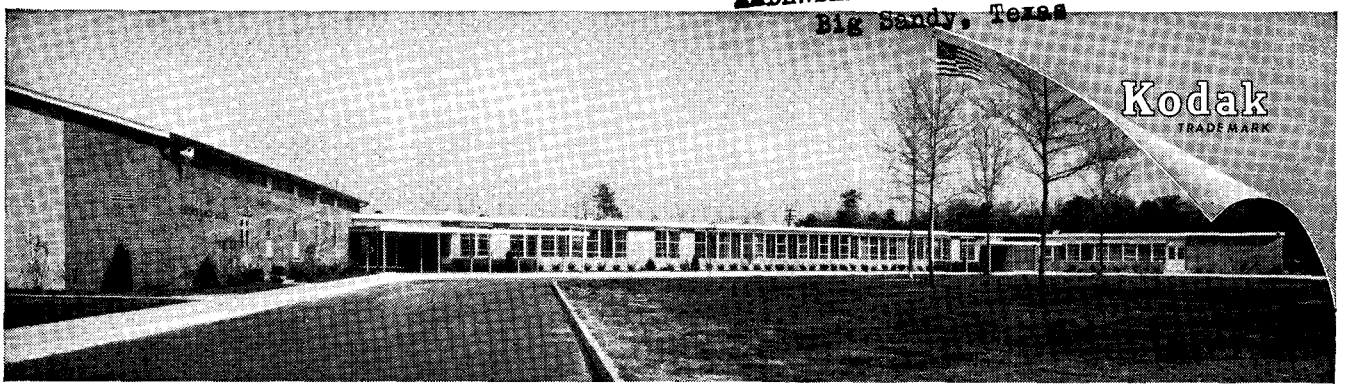

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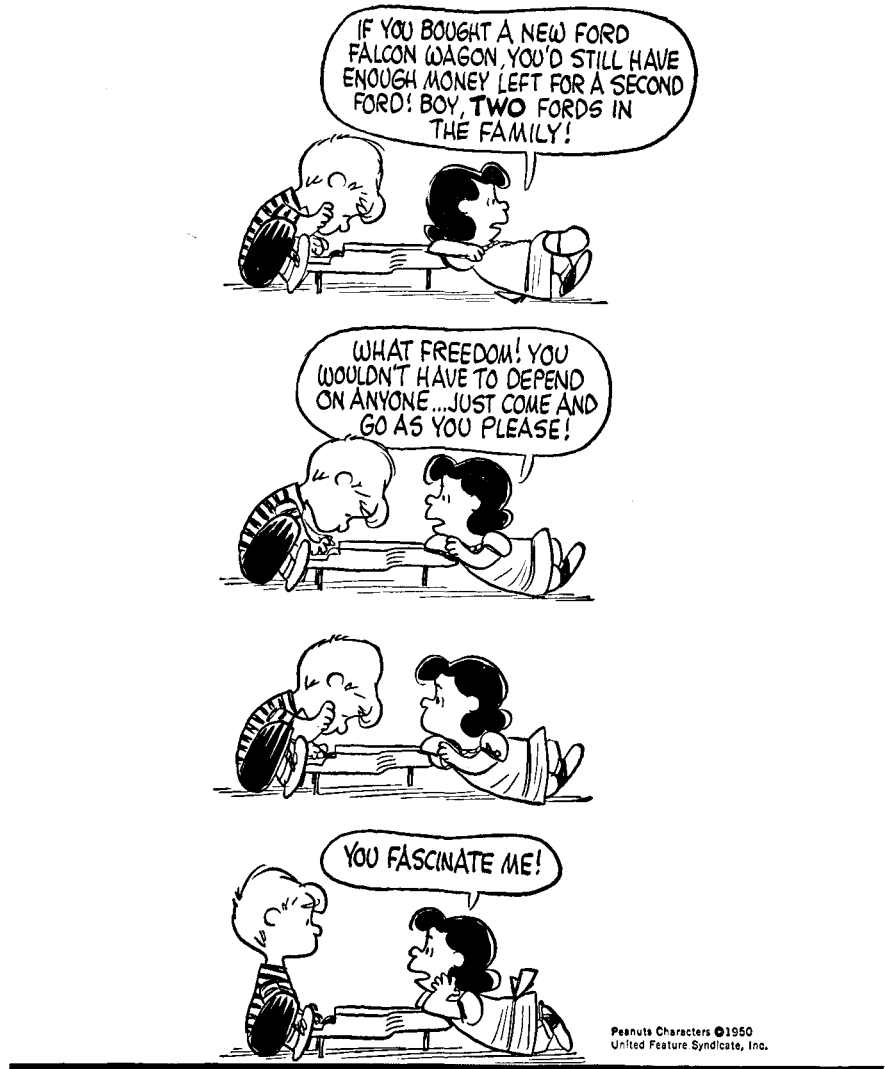
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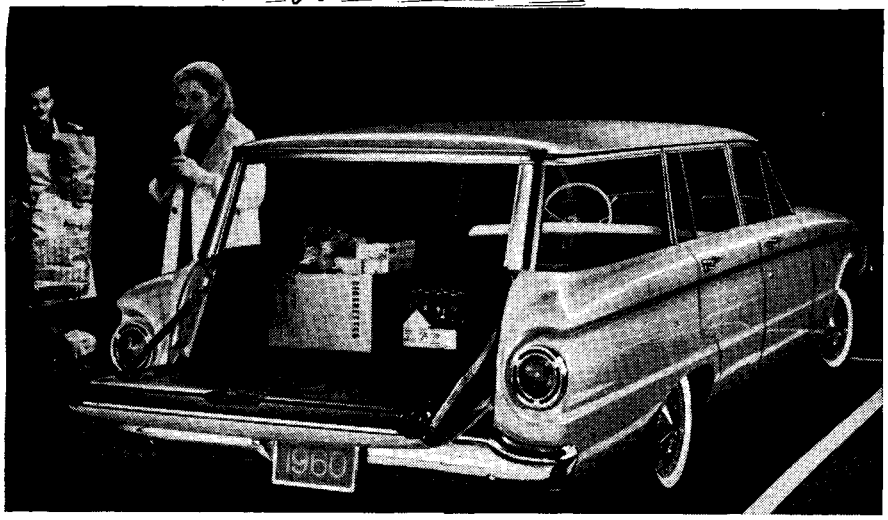

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Saturday Review

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The SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N.Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Consultant; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. XLIII. No. 19, May 7, 1960. Second-Class postage paid at New York, New York, and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature." © 1960 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America.

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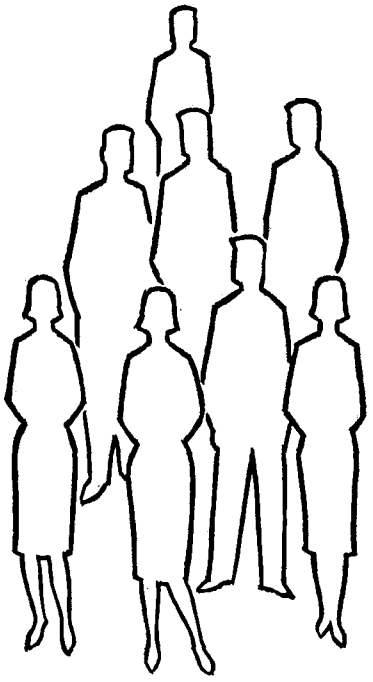

The tax 8 out of 10 don't know about

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To date, more than $5,000,000,000 in federal tax funds have gone to put government into the electric light and power business. And the proponents of this federal "public power" are after another $10,000,000,000 —much of it likely to come from the unsuspecting taxpayer.

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FIRST OF THE MONTH

By Cleveland Amory

AMID ALL THE political cross currents—and cross many of them were—one thing was apparent. Nobody, not even Nixon, was a shoo-in. Catholicism came forward, front and center, and so too, back again along with Wisconsin, West Virginia, and Harry Truman, did Rockefeller. "When I first decided to run for Governor," he said, "my friends all called and said, 'What do you want to get into politics for? It's a dirty game.' So I told them that if that was the general opinion, then it was about time we all got into it and did something about it." Meanwhile, just to keep the whole thing in balance, we received through the mail from a Mrs. L. S. Douthat of Alexandria, Kentucky, another campaign slogan to add to our recent list [SR, Feb. 6]. This one is for Stevenson, and it reads: "America's Best Ad."

• • •

During the month, we became part of a daily television program on New York's up-and-coming Channel 13. And just about the first piece of advice we received was from TV producer David Susskind. He not only told us that the first thirteen weeks were the hardest but he also relayed to us the first advice he had ever received. It concerned what to do when the cameras were turned on and it came originally from the man who, Mr. Susskind assured us, was the "dean of them all," Arthur Godfrey. "Just remember," Godfrey said, "every time that red light goes on, it's a million friends out there."

• • •

Our segment of the program, incidentally, is called "Publiciety," a word we coined to include not only publicity but what passes, or perhaps has passed, for Society. And, on the book front, the big news of the month, the merger of Random House and Alfred Knopf, was personally announced by that dean of "publiciety" himself, Mr. Bennett Cerf. Strictly between us, and not for TV, we viewed the news with a certain amount of alarm. We're an old anti-merger man ourselves, and for some time we have even been in favor of a firm like Doubleday unmerging. And, in this connection, we'd like to point out that the book of the month, as far as we're concerned, was David Douglas Duncan's magnificent picture book, "The Kremlin," a highly individualistic publishing job by the new New York Graphic Society. At $25 the copy, it has already sold over 5,000 copies.

• • •

On Broadway, the speech of the month was the commencement address to the graduating class of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts—a school which was not only the first dramatic training school in the English-speaking world but which also boasts such stellar alumni as Anne Bancroft, Rosalind Russell, Lauren Bacall, Ruth Gordon, Florence Henderson, Spencer Tracy, Edward G. Robinson, and Jason Robards, Jr. The graduation speaker was that extraordinary gentleman of the theatre, Mr. Moss Hart, and in his speech he told the class, among other things, how to get a job. Never, he said, go to see a producer until late in the afternoon—then and only then will he have come down from his lofty morning casting ideas of the Lunts, Helen Hayes, etc. He told them, too, to be sure to get a part with either a child or a dog. "Even the good grey Brooks Atkinson," he said, "can never resist a child or a dog."

Hart also informed the young thespians how to enter Sardi's—both after a success and after a failure. For the former, he said, there was no way—people will hate you anyway. As for the latter, after a failure, well, he warned, don't do it gaily or laughingly—that is surely failure—and, above all, don't do it quickly. "You must be fair," he said. "Do it very slowly. Give them the same chance to enjoy *your* failure that you have always had enjoying theirs." But Hart was not only humorous—he was also, when he came to his peroration, extremely moving.

> Remember that the first aspiration of men was to act out for other men the emotions in their own hearts that bring humankind closest to the angels, that from the first ancient tale told in the dark around a fire, to the early morality plays of the church, the theatre has held men enthralled, lifted them up to the best in themselves, made them look with tears and laughter at the human comedy and the human tragedy. Remember, too, that in our own time the theatre has remained the last free forum of the arts. And know that you can walk proudly in the profession you have chosen. Good luck and Godspeed.

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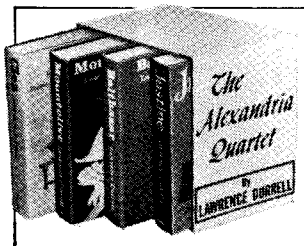

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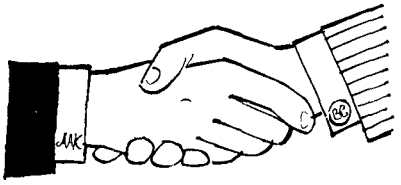
TRADE Winds

WE SPOKE WITH Bennett Cerf of Random House just two days before he became one of the principals in perhaps the biggest newsbreak in recent publishing history. Our call had been routine, and we were not at all prepared for the answer to the usual what-else-is-new aftherthought at the end of our talk.

"Guess this is as good a time to men-



tion it as any," said Mr. Cerf. "Alfred Knopf and I just shook hands on a merger."

The New York Times broke the news with a front-page splash, and followed it up with four full columns inside. Under the pact, Random House will control the Knopf stock, but the latter firm will continue publishing its distinctive and distinguished Borzoi Books separately. Mr. Knopf and his wife, Blanche, will serve on the Random House board of directors. Together, the lists will display such authors as Faulkner, O'Hara, Joyce, Michener, Shaw, Capote, Weidman, and Dinesen (Random House), and Mann, Camus, Mencken, Cather, Eliot, and Beerbohm (Knopf), along with many others.

"Alfred and Blanche and I have been friends for more than thirty years," Mr. Cerf went on. "I've always thought he was the most astute publisher in the business, and the books under his imprint bear that out. I think the merger brings together the two most distinguished lists in publishing, and our stock is frankly going crazy right at this moment. On October 7, Random House stock went on the market at 11¼; yesterday it closed at 25½.

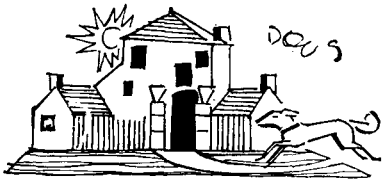
"The merger will be subject to approval by both boards of directors, and there are still countless details to be worked out. Mainly, we'll effect a lot of economies in shipping, billing, sales —that sort of thing. Meantime, we're all snowed under with meetings and lawyers and papers. But I couldn't be happier."

THE ACTUAL TRANSACTION began over a cup of vichyssoise in the Cub Room of the Stork Club a few weeks ago.

"We had been mumbling about this idea for years," Cerf told us, "but neither of us really took it seriously. Finally, I asked Alfred if it wasn't time we did something about it. Alfred very casually asked me to talk to his treasurer about the idea. I took two days to think it over, and the next thing I knew we were talking cold turkey.

"To me, this is like hitting the moon with a rocket. It could never have come about if there weren't complete mutual confidence and trust. We've had our fights and arguments in the past, and I'm not the most tactful person in the world—but we've always agreed on basic ideas."

Immediately after the announcement of the news, the Random House offices were flooded with telegrams, one of them from Stan Griffiths of Brentano's. It read: "An ancient worshipper sends congratulations for the new combina-



tion. Am happy to hear that your new motto will be bigger and better discounts to Brentano's."

One fun-loving well-wisher suggested that the new logotype should be a picture of a Borzoi hound wistfully eyeing the Random House gatepost. But John O'Hara topped that with the suggestion that the cable address of the new firm should be: DOGHOUSE. Another piece of advice was that Random House and Knopf should merge with a third publisher (who shall bere be unnamed), to which Cerf replied: "We are about as close together as Khrushchev and Westbrook Pegler." Another asked Cerf if he would ever sell out Random House.

"Sell out Random House?" Cerf replied indignantly. "They'll have to carry me out in a wooden box before I'll do that."

Then, finishing up our conversation, Cerf added: "I know a few people who would like that to happen this afternoon, if not sooner!"

FROM AGNES PENDLETON in Pasadena, we've received the intelligence that the Yale & Brown Book Shop closes at five each evening—but leaves several shelves of books outside with the sign: "Browse and buy—and drop your money through the slot of the door."

"I wasn't the first customer that evening," she writes. "On the floor of the shop, I saw not only coins but dollar bills. Could this mark the end of the slot machine?"

J. DONALD ADAMS brings to light an interesting phase of T. S. Eliot's early development in Adams's new biography of the colorful teacher, "Copey of Harvard." Criticizing a piece of writing by the future winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature, Charles Townsend Copeland made these comments:

"A mouth-filling sentence . . ."

"A harsh statement with some elements of truth . . ."

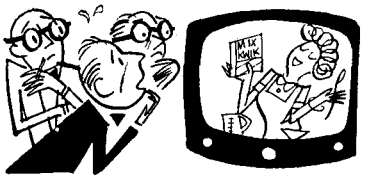
"Don't write so!"

"You must now be on your guard against becoming pompous, orotund, and voluminous."

ALARMED AT THE hypersensitivity of most TV sponsors to often unwarranted public criticism, young Paul Krassner decided to use the scathing pages of his satirical publication *The Realist* to do something about it.

He urged his readers to pick out an innocuous and frequently inane network show on a certain date, and to write the sponsors about some vague and indescribable thing that happened on the show. The letters were to be indignant, but elusive; critical, but undefined.

Results: Several of the hundred and more *Realist* readers who wrote in received phone calls from the sponsor or agency, some long-distance. When asked by the sponsor's representative just what the offending incident on the show was, one letter-writter replied:



"It's so offensive we don't even want to allude to it in our home." At the present writing, the sponsors are still screening and rescreening the kinescope to find out just what went wrong.

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1362)

BILL BALLANTINE:
WILD TIGERS (AND TAME FLEAS)

The pig was actually the first truly native-trained animal performer of the American circus, which in the beginning was predominantly an exhibition of equitation skills, the horses—already educated—imported from England and France.

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2. GEICO insures only persons in its eligible "preferred risk" groups – that is, careful drivers who are entitled to preferred rates.

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SECOND CARS—GEICO rates are reduced an additional 25% in most instances.

In Texas, where rates prescribed by the State Board of Insurance must be charged, dividends of 20% on Liability and 30% on other coverages are being paid on currently expiring policies.

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City_____ Zone_____

County_____ State_____

Location of car, if not at residence address } City_____ State_____

Age_____ Male ☐ Female ☐ Married ☐ Single ☐

Occupation (Rank, if on active duty)_____

To obtain rates for 2 cars owned by you, complete column 2 also

	CAR NO. 1	CAR NO. 2
Year of car:		
Make:		
Number of cylinders:		
Model (Fairlane, 210, etc.)		
Body Style (4 dr., 2 dr., etc.)		
Purchase date:	Mo. Yr. ☐ New ☐ Used	Mo. Yr. ☐ New ☐ Used
Days per week driven to work:		
One way distance:		
Is car used in business other than to and from work?	Yes ☐ No ☐	Yes ☐ No ☐
Is car principally kept and used on a farm or ranch?	Yes ☐ No ☐	Yes ☐ No ☐

Additional male drivers under age 25 in your household:

Age:				
Married or single:				
% use of your car:				

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CAN A MAN "OWN" A JOB HE HASN'T CREATED?

Once upon a time there were two men, Adam and Zeb.

Adam risked all his savings to set himself up as an independent neighborhood merchant.

Zeb took a factory job which required no risk from him.

Neighborhood competition finally caused Adam to go broke and give up his store. He was out of work and out of savings.

Circumstances eventually made Zeb's job unnecessary. He was out of work, but he had his savings. And his severance pay. And his unemployment compensation.

Nobody felt sorry for Adam. The neighborhood shoppers felt justified in patronizing the most efficient merchant. It was Adam's own responsibility if he couldn't keep up. Let him retrain himself and find another job.

Many people felt sorry for Zeb. They said the factory should let Zeb stand beside the new equipment and be paid even though he was not needed. By assumption, he owned the job which he had not created.

America was built by the Adams. Is it going to the Zebs?

REPUBLIC STEEL

CLEVELAND 1, OHIO

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Materials showing exceptional promise in this respect are consumable electrode vacuum-melted steels. These are now being produced by Republic in substantial quantities for the missile programs.

These vacuum-melted steels are proving to be stronger, more ductile, and of more uniform properties than those produced by more conventional methods.

Republic has the largest capacity for production of these steels in the industry, and continues a broad research program into their properties and potential military and civilian applications.

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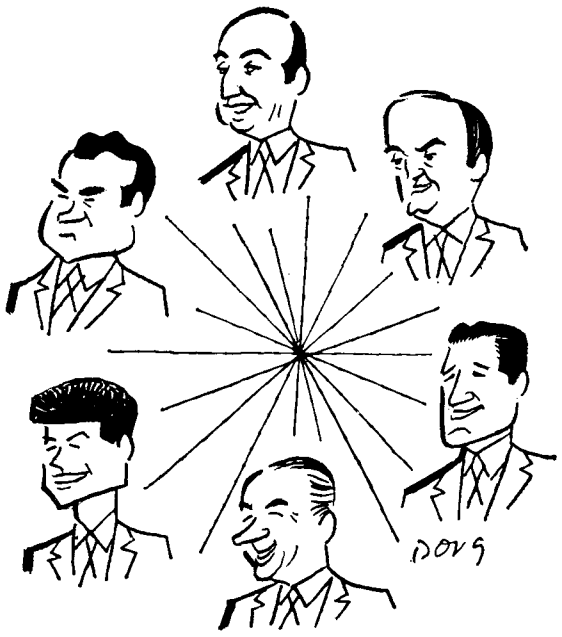
Saturday Review
MAY 7, 1960

LOG CABIN TO COUNTRY CLUB

New Trends Among the Candidates



By MARGARET L. COIT, *who received the Pulitzer Prize for Biography in 1950. Her most recent book, "Mr. Baruch," was published in 1957.*

"I WILL BE President of the United States," Richard Nixon told his latest biographer, Bela Kornitzer, "*if* the people still want my type of a man."

Do the people still want that type of man? Mr. Nixon has good reason to ask himself that question. In a recent essay Max Lerner pointed out that the most vital factor in the brief life of a campaign biography is not so much what it tells about the candidate, but what it shows about public sentiment of the time. Just what kind of image does the buying public seek in the Presidential market place?

It is a truism of politics in the United States that the Presidential image is a father image, and it is equally true that our last three Chief Executives have embodied the qualities of the Great White Father. How, then, account for the fact that Kennedy, Humphrey, and Nixon, the three front-runners in the current sweepstakes, are all comparatively young men, under fifty years old?

Could it be that the Presidential image was never really a father image at all? Is it perhaps possible that the Presidential image is basically a hero image, changing just as tides, time, and fashions in clothes change? Does the winner win by a subtle process of identification, in which the public seeks its leadership through a projected image or idealization of itself? Most important, is the public's own self-image prone to change, and is it changing for the 1960 election?

According to Robert Bendiner, in his lively, funny "White House Fever," "the old appeal of the country boy, the small towner, is ending." On the Democratic side, "only Humphrey and Johnson stem from the rural America of Presidential tradition." Republican Richard Nixon, however, is conceded by another biographer, Ralph de Toledano, to be the epitome of the Horatio Alger story, "an American phenomenon . . . as characteristic . . . as apple pie." This is Nixon's image and he is stuck with it; perhaps this is why he told Kornitzer, author of "The Real Nixon," "If it is in the stars that a certain person will be nominated and elected, that's the way it is going to be. . . . The people have a sense, an intuition about a leader, and, unless a man develops the qualifications that the people believe are needed, he isn't going to be selected. . . . If they . . . want a certain type of man with my background, I will have a good chance."

What type of man are the people seeking? Kornitzer conceded that Nixon's grim, somber looks were more on trial during President Eisenhower's heart attack than the dignity and courage with which he stood up to crisis. Under the strain, he simply could not smile. In the recent, wholly inconclusive Wisconsin primary, Austin C. Wehrwein polled voters for *The New York Times*. "My heart's with Kennedy," bubbled a Republican woman in answer to Wehrwein's questioning. "Nixon's a good man, but that's the way it is." Kennedy was "a nice, big boy"; but "that Humphrey fellow," he was "a little too damned noisy." Humphrey was "big-hearted and compassionate" and "electric," but he lacked "the maturity or dignity" for a President. Kennedy had "the dignity and polish." As one voter put it: "He's the picture

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of what I think we should have as President."

According to veteran poll-taker Elmo Roper, the major reason Kennedy carried Wisconsin was that "the voters liked his personality"; or, to be more exact, they liked the image he projected of his personality. The magnetism of that "slim, boyish figure on the platform," as Marquis Childs described him, could generate excitement with the most commonplace pronouncement. He had successfully created "the image of a warm, friendly, eager, able American . . . moderate, yet forward-looking," all things to all men—and, not at all incidentally, to all women. The personal quality of Senator Kennedy's appeal even blurs the ideological struggle now rending his party.

There is little more than a coincidental resemblance between the real Kennedy, with his cool and driving instinct for power, and the image, as projected from the television screen or the public platform. "We're the two greatest actors in America," the late Franklin Roosevelt said about himself and Orson Welles. Not what the man is, but what the public believes him to be, is all that matters. This is where the campaign biographies come in.

Campaign biographies are one of the minor vicissitudes of an election year. As a breed, they are conceived in speed, written in haste, and prone to error. Most of them wither and die in the heat of a party convention, although the story of the winner may get a few extra months' lease on life. In the current crop there are now thirteen between covers. Nixon is the most favored with five; Kennedy and Rockefeller are next with three apiece; and one each has saluted Stuart Symington and Hubert Humphrey. So far, there has been none about the man who in sheer terms of personality is the most colorful of the candidates. Lyndon Johnson of Texas combines the cunning of a Henry Clay with the flamboyance of a cattle baron. However, the reading public does not buy a book to learn about the unknown, but to confirm its knowledge of the known.

Nevertheless, campaign biographies are not totally without merit. In his "This Is Humphrey," novelist Michael Amrine makes the valid point that although Senator Humphrey is one of the dozen real leaders in the Senate today, he is "still not very well known to the average newspaper reader" or voter; Amrine has done a competent, workmanlike job on the facts of the Senator's life. Both books on Nixon were prepared with the cooperation of the Vice President, and dovetail nicely into each other. The de Toledano book, first published in 1956, has been reissued, with five additional chapters. It shows Nixon in action, against the sweep of current history and politics. Kornitzer's study has gone far more deeply into the Vice President's emotional, religious, and family background, and is of value in revealing the forces that have made Nixon into the man he has become. Joe McCarthy's "The Remarkable Kennedys" is colorful, lively, anecdotal fare for anyone who has not read the earlier chronicles of the Senator and the Kennedys.

IN SHORT, campaign biographies are what they have always been: promotional literature to sell a candidate. This is the definition of the species by the man who probably knows most about them. He is Dr. W. Burlie Brown, author of a witty dissection of the campaign biography from Jackson's time on, "The People's Choice." The book has its defects, but its author deserves much credit for having waded through some of the dreariest tomes on American bookshelves, and having come up with something lively and readable.

The campaign biography, Brown contends, creates a symbol out of the ideals and folkways of the public. The picture thus painted is "rich in associational value and general appeal," like the hole in Adlai Stevenson's shoe or the oil lamp by which Coolidge took the oath of office, but is totally lacking in anything that might reveal the uniqueness of a human personality. The bare bones of the candidate's life are the mere skeleton upon which the campaign biographer builds an ideal life, "an image of the ideal citizen of the Republic . . . a man born to be President."

WHO is this ideal citizen? Traditionally, he has been white, Protestant, and of "old American background," with ancestors who just missed the *Mayflower*. Calvin Coolidge was born, ideally, on the Fourth of July, and had just "a dash of Indian blood." The ideal citizen grows up a healthy, prankish, Tom Sawyer kind of boy, tempered by the virtues of his pious parents and rooted deep in the farm or the small town. Virtually "every major American candidate" has been a hardy "son of the soil," with all the rural virtues that come from living close to the good earth.

Naturally, our ideal citizen did not stay on the farm. He battled for an education, a solid, utilitarian education (the values and limitations of which in our complex, industrial world are appallingly evident in President Eisenhower). He might go to college, but popularity was more to be valued than grades ("Cal was no greasy grind"). Intellectualism, as such, was to be abhorred; from Jackson's time on, political leaders have continually exploited the national prejudice against the thinker and abstract thought.

Our ideal citizen must have courage. He leads his men into battle as Franklin Pierce did, "recklessly exposing his person amid a hail of shot and shell"; or, like the gravely wounded Jack Kennedy, he swims around the Pacific to rescue his fellow survivors. He should succeed in the courtroom, or in "our business civilization," because for at least ninety years the predominant American symbol has been the businessman. In the 1920s a serious drive was even made to nominate Henry Ford, who, as a statesman, was a highly skilled manufacturer of Ford cars.

The ideal citizen must be no "mere politician." Officeholding is an honor and sometimes a duty, but is never to be sought after; the Presidency must seek the man. The candidate might have a strong personality to win the popular imagination, but no fixed convictions that would lose friends and alienate people. Thus, a general of unknown political vintage would be a more available candidate than, say, a Henry Clay or a Robert Taft. In any

CAMPAIGNS AND CAMPAIGNERS

Every election year brings forth its bumper crop of campaign biographies and political studies. Herewith, some recent items in the 1960 harvest, reviewed in the accompanying article:

"The Real Nixon," by Bela Kornitzer (*Rand McNally. 352 pp. $3.95*)

"White House Fever," by Robert Bendiner (*Harcourt, Brace. 180 pp. $3.75*)

"Nixon," by Ralph de Toledano (*Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 250 pp.* $3.95)

"This Is Humphrey," by Michael Amrine (*Doubleday. 261 pp. $3.95*)

"The Remarkable Kennedys," by Joe McCarthy (*Dial Press. 190 pp. $3.50*)

"The People's Choice," by W. Burlie Brown (*Louisiana State University Press. 178 pp. $4.*)

"Life of Abraham Lincoln," by William Dean Howells (*Indiana University Press. 94 pp. $5.*)

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event, the "available" candidate has traditionally awaited "the call" in his humble home, complete with his loving wife, adoring children, and all the fireside virtues of prudence, piety, and impeccable character.

Dr. Brown quotes Adlai Stevenson on his limitations: "My life has been hopelessly undramatic. I wasn't born in a log cabin. I didn't work my way through school nor did I rise from rags to riches. . . . I'm not a Willkie and I don't claim to be a simple, barefoot La Salle Street lawyer."

The cult of the personality image—even the manufactured image—is nothing new in American politics. William Henry Harrison (poor "Old Tippecanoe"), the retired general and Virginia gentleman, was hauled out of mothballs and paraded across the country as the tobacco-chewing devotee of hard cider and the log cabin. The rigors of the campaign killed him, but that is beside the point here.

Never, perhaps, has the image more closely coincided with the man than in the case of Abraham Lincoln, who as a man has been lost in his own myth. Proof of this is supplied by the current reissue of William Dean Howells's campaign folio, "Life of Abraham Lincoln," first printed in 1860, with corrections in "Old Abe's" own hand.

Asserting that "every American should have an indisputable grandfather," Howells brings Lincoln out of "decent poverty" and the "dumb solitude" of the Indiana wilderness. At New Salem, the hero finds leisure for self-education, and walks eight miles to borrow a book of grammar. He sees no action during three months' service in the Black Hawk War, but proves his courage in combat with the Clary's Grove boys. As a lawyer, he never takes a case he knows to be wrong; his friends have never known him to commit a mean act.

Although admitting Lincoln to be a "bold advocate of the principles which he believed to be right," Howells passes lightly over the Lincoln-Douglas debates and the divisive issue of slavery. The rail-splitter had defeated the man "full of words . . . Truth gave the victory to Lincoln; a trick bestowed the Senatorship upon Douglas." Howells leaves the Presidential aspirant in his "comfortable, two-story frame house, not now new in appearance," and his future to "Providence and the people." Thus was one type of folk hero born.

For the truth is, as Bendiner illustrates, that we have had an infinite variety of "ideal citizens." Our first Presidents were intellectuals and aristocrats; then came the unlettered frontiersmen (or facsimiles thereof). Each major war produced its hero-general, from the Father of His Country to Old Hickory, from young General Grant to General Eisenhower. After the Civil War, nearly every candidate was a battlefield general, even if only a civilian soldier. In the gilded age of Big Business, the ideal was the average middle-class champion of the American Way, William McKinley, whose biographer has declared his primary talent to be his "identification with the people."

Bryan was ahead of his time. But, as the muckrakers taught Americans "How the Other Half Lives," reformers like Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson gained the White House. In the Twenties the demand was for golf, normalcy, and Harding. In the darkness of depression and the shadow of war, a crusading liberal like Franklin Roosevelt was not only the "ideal citizen," but the father image the public seeks out in time of crisis. Certain common denominators of the "ideal citizen" have remained. Polls show that voters still want a family man, a religious man, a decisive, clear-thinking, attractive man, above partisanship, able to assume responsibility, but also able to conciliate and compromise. Nevertheless, Bendiner asserts that the ground rules of availability are changing "much faster than they used to—perhaps they are different for each election."

BROWN fails to realize this. With the scholar's penchant for shaping the facts to fit his thesis, he declares that early biographers of Nixon and Nelson Rockefeller presented them not as "two rival symbols but one." The biographers may have made this mistake—but not the public. From the first, the public recognized that Rockefeller personified a new look in Presidential candidates, the same Ivy League kind of appeal that Symington and Kennedy both have.

This is not the appeal of Hubert Humphrey, who "learned more about economics from one South Dakota dust storm" than from all his years at college. Humphrey was born over a tin-plated drug store; he came out of Doland, South Dakota, a prairie town two blocks long and four blocks wide, with a pair of grain elevators, a single rail line, and the inevitable water tower crying the name of Doland in black letters to an empty sky. In high school young Hubert went out for track, baseball, football, basketball, and debating, and was valedictorian of his class. He sold aspirin and hog vaccine and advised customers on how to help animals with the heaves. He heard his father talk about Bryan and Woodrow Wilson. He lived through the blackness of the dust storms and saw his parents weeping when the bank failed and the drug business went under. Then came the New Deal. . . .

Humphrey's wife, Muriel, worked to help him through the University of Minnesota; his master's thesis was on "The Philosophy of the New Deal." He became mayor of Minneapolis and formed a Fair Employment Practices Commission. He never edged toward the Communist Party line, breaking early with Henry Wallace, whom he termed "totally irresponsible." But at the Democratic Convention of 1948, the cry of thirty-six-year-old Humphrey that he was for "human rights, not states' rights" shattered the Democratic Party, and the South walked out under the Confederate flag. Many would never forgive the independent "lone operator," who turned up in Washington two years later as Senator from Minnesota.

Humphrey now admits that his image was long that of a "flaming radical," and

(*Continued on page 47*)

"*We* happen to be the dominant species in these parts, Stranger!"

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"THE POEM ITSELF"

By STANLEY BURNSHAW

Stanley Burnshaw and other distinguished editors have prepared for publication this month by Holt "The Poem Itself," an anthology of European poetry that may well start a new fashion in translation. Mr. Burnshaw's plan is not to translate the poem in the usual way, but to explicate it so closely that any reader may engage, as the title implies, the original poem itself. The book will mark the first time, to SR's knowledge, that this plan has served as the basis for an entire anthology, and we are confident that many future anthologies of foreign poetry will appear on the same plan. We are happy, therefore, to offer, as a preview of the method, Mr. Burnshaw's own explication of Mallarmé's "Don du Poème."

"Gift of the Poem" this is entitled, and the specific poem is identified in the first line: "I bring you the child of an Idumean night." For a year Mallarmé had been working upon a verse drama for the stage, named for a princess of Edomite (Idumean) ancestry. "Hérodiade" was to embody a new poetic theory: "To paint, not the thing, but the effect it produces"; and though the undertaking filled him with terror, he could scarcely foresee that it would remain uncompleted at his death thirty-four years later.

The setting appears in the first eight lines. The writer has been laboring at his desk throughout the night, the lamplight glistening on the window, the images of Hérodiade's world all about him. Finally at dawn something has taken form, has been completed—a poem, such as it is, has been born. He takes this child of his thought into the adjoining room where the child of his body lies sleeping with its mother. He presents it to her and asks if she will give it nourishment.

Except for the indefiniteness created by the punctuation, the setting can be literally transcribed thus: (1) *I bring you the child (offspring) of an Idumean night.* (2) *Black (dark), with wing bleeding and pale, (its feathers) plucked,* (3) *Through the window burnt with spices and gold,* (4) *Through the icy panes, alas, still bleak (dreary),* (5) *Dawn hurled itself upon the angelic lamp.*

The word *Palms!* suddenly appears, an exclamation whose import we are left to imagine; then the description continues: (6) *Palms! and when it [dawn] showed that relic* (7) *To this father [who was] attempting a hostile smile,* (8) *The blue and sterile solitude trembled (shuddered).*

(9) *O singer (of lullabies), you who rock the cradle, with your daughter and the innocence* (10) *Of your cold feet, welcome (greet) a [this] horrible birth:* (11) *And, your voice recalling viol and harpsichord,* (12) *With your faded finger, will you press the breast* (13) *Through which* [literally *through whom*] *in sibylline whiteness woman flows* (14) *For the lips made hungry by the virgin azure?*

This poem, like a number of others by Mallarmé, dramatizes the birth-process of art. But why does the solitude tremble? Why is it sterile? And why does the father look on his offspring with animosity? Both the actions and attitudes of this poem cannot be perceived apart from Mallarmé's lifelong obsession with his own creative impotence, with his fear and his struggle against it, and with his seeming horror of the creative process itself. It has been a strange, almost sterile birth, such as might bring into the world the strange poem of the princess Hérodiade, who rejects all human contact and for whom barrenness is the burning ideal. "Yes, it is for myself, for myself that I flower alone . . . I love the horror of being virgin . . . I want nothing human / O final joy, yes, I feel it: I am alone. . ." Denis Saurat points out that the kings of Edom were supposedly able to reproduce without women. The poet also—and in this instance it is a blood-soaked, horrible birth. But once born, the offspring of the mind must be nourished in order to live. Brought into the world, it must be welcomed and sustained by the world.

Certain English "equivalents" in our version of this quasi-sonnet are too bare. *Plucked* (2) is too concise for the broad, slow sounds of "déplumée," a word which carries the further implication that a pen has been removed. *Spices* (3) lacks the exoticism and aroma of "aromates." "Ce père" (7) means much more than *this father:* it implies pity for the poor, exhausted poet with his faint, ambiguous smile. Similarly "la berceuse" (9) carries overtones of intimacy and tenderness toward the wife and mother. It might also be the lullaby itself.

A number of other elements are curiously evocative. "Noire" paired with "pâle" (2), and "lampe angélique" with the other ecclesiastical touch "relique" (5-6). *The innocence of your cold feet* (9-10). The change from the intimate form "ta" fille to the more distant "vos" pieds. And the finger of the nourisher-and-sustainer of the newborn—it is a *faded, withered* finger.

A number of the images in this poem occur elsewhere in Mallarmé, almost as his signatures ("bleue et stérile," "viole et clavecin," "vierge azur"); but what shall we make of "Palmes!"? Perhaps the word "Palmes" simply *occurred* to Mallarmé and he retained it because he felt that he had to—much as he introduced in another poem the word "ptyx" because this pure invention struck him as being both right and necessary for his purposes.

DON DU POÈME

STÉPHANE MALLARMÉ

Je t'apporte l'enfant d'une nuit d'Idumée!
Noire, à l'aile saignante et pâle, déplumée,
Par le verre brûlé d'aromates et d'or,
Par les carreaux glacés, hélas! mornes encor,
L'aurore se jeta sur la lampe angélique.
Palmes! et quand elle a montré cette relique
A ce père essayant un sourire ennemi,
La solitude bleue et stérile a frémi.
O la berceuse, avec ta fille et l'innocence
De vos pieds froids, accueille une horrible naissance:
Et ta voix rappelant viole et clavecin,
Avec le doigt fané presseras-tu le sein
Par qui coule en blancheur sibylline la femme
Pour les lèvres que l'air du vierge azur affame?

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A Matter of Justice

By Granville Hicks

THE SCENE of C. P. Snow's new novel, **"The Affair"** (Scribners, $4.50), is Cambridge University. Thus Snow returns to the locale of "The Masters," and this novel is reminiscent of that one in other ways as well, for again we see a college rent by conflict. Lewis Eliot, the narrator of all the novels in the Strangers and Brothers series, is here both observer and participant—in the end a major participant.

The affair of the title seems at first a simple enough matter. A young Fellow of the college named Donald Howard has been accused of faking a photograph in a report on a piece of research and has been dismissed. Some time later evidence appears that raises doubts, and a few individuals, including Lewis Eliot and his brother Martin, become convinced that injustice has been done. They win enough support so that the Senior Fellows reopen the case, but they sustain the dismissal. This decision, however, is received with so much dissatisfaction that the administration holds a further investigation, this time with legal advice. Lewis Eliot is chosen to act on behalf of Donald Howard and his supporters.

The time is 1953-1954, and by now, as readers of "The New Men" and "Homecoming" know, Eliot has become a highly placed civil servant. He has changed since 1937, when the election described in "The Masters" took place, and so have his former associates in the college, whom he studies with his usual acumen. Even the college has changed, although the old forms are preserved. Eliot observes, for instance, that the younger men are more conservative than they were in his day. He also notes a breaking down of class distinctions, not so much through the upsurge of the lower classes as through the abnegation of the upper.

Snow has always known how to tell a good story, and his skill has not failed him in "The Affair." To begin with, the pace is rather leisurely, for Eliot only occasionally visits the college and his interest in the case develops gradually. Excitement mounts, however, as issues are defined and sides taken, and when Eliot finally becomes directly involved, the narrative moves with speed and great dramatic force.

The novel is a study in the way people reach decisions. All of the principal characters are conscientious men, and Eliot contrasts them, to their advantage, with men he has known in politics and business. But this does not mean that their motives are simple. It is true that Skeffington, who first discovers the new evidence, seems not to have a moment's hesitation, but most of his allies move more slowly. Martin Eliot, who, as we saw in "The New Men," has opted for a quiet academic life, shrinks from the disruption of his plans, but in the end his sense of responsibility is too strong. Lewis Eliot, too, is tempted to stand aside, but, he tells us, he has learned the dangers of being merely a spectator of life, and besides, as he admits, he is full of curiosity. Sir Francis Getliffe takes a firm stand, but not without consideration of the fact that he may be ruining his chances of becoming the next master of the college. Tom Orbell undergoes a sudden conversion, whose nature Eliot carefully examines.

The problem is complicated by Donald Howard's character. He is a radical of an offensive sort, tactless and overbearing, and he annoys his friends as much as he does his enemies. To the men who uphold his dismissal it is clear that he is the sort of man who would

(*Continued on page* 66)

C. P. Snow

SIR CHARLES P. SNOW, CBE, is among the most distinguished living novelists. Yet he became a Commander of the British Empire in 1945 as a reward for his wartime services in organizing Britain's scientific personnel, and he was knighted in 1957 in recognition of his role in civil and public affairs. One day, for his writing, they will create a barony, or even better, a dukedom.

C. P. Snow came to writing later than he came to science. He was born Charles Percy Snow in 1905 in Leicester, a shoe manufacturing city in the English midlands. Scholarships educated Snow, first at Leicester University College and later at Cambridge, where his work in infra-red spectroscopy and the "new" physics promised a fruitful career. "But I knew my ultimate vocation from the time I was about eighteen," says Snow.

In 1932 he produced his first book, a mystery called "Death Under Sail," and for the next three years his two careers traveled parallel paths. He delivered papers on molecular structure to the Royal Society, completed a work of science fiction in the H. G. Wells manner, and, in 1934, wrote his first serious effort, "The Search." In London last week, Snow recalled, "I tried to say something about the scientific experience itself." But the story he told was the dilemma of a man who learns that his commitment to science is less than total.

For Snow it was the end of his career as a scientist. From then on, although he continued to teach at Christ's College and, in fact, was appointed to a tutorship, he did no more scientific research. Writing demanded all of his creative energies.

On January 1, 1935, a good day for new beginnings, Snow records that "I first had the *idea*." This was the inception of the series of eleven novels called Strangers and Brothers that was to wring unstinting praise from both sides of the Atlantic. "I knew where I was going to begin and where I was going to end—human fatalities apart—and a good deal of the intervening territory I needed to cover," he says. Since then his conception, now approaching fulfillment, has not fundamentally altered. "I wasn't sure then of the number of volumes but the present scope was, in essence, present in my mind." The first book, "Strangers and Brothers," from which the entire series was to derive its title, was published in 1940.

After that Snow laid down his pen for the duration of the war and as an important civil servant in the Ministry of Labour helped rally England's scientists to her defense. Civil affairs engrossed Snow enough so that he accepted, at the war's end, a part-time appointment as a Civil Service Commissioner and a directorship of the gargantuan English Electric Company. But most of his time was spent writing. "My ideal working day is from 10:00 A.M. to 3:00, with only a cup of coffee as an interruption." Almost every two years he produced a new novel. In 1950 he took time out from his writing, from his government and business activities, to marry the English writer Pamela Hansford Johnson. Two years later their son, Philip Charles Hansford, was born.

The appearance of "The Affair," brings the Strangers and Brothers series to within three of completion. "I still hope to finish it in three more books," says Snow now, "though I won't pledge myself to that. The areas that I am certain to cover are the really high official life in England—this I shall call 'The Corridors of Power.' Then, the life of quite lowly clerks, secretaries, the floating population of a great city, which I want to contain in a shortish novel with a strong dramatic story, and, finally, the reflective experience of Lewis Eliot himself towards the end of his life, which is, of course, bound to be the major element in the last book of all." —ROLLENE W. SAAL.

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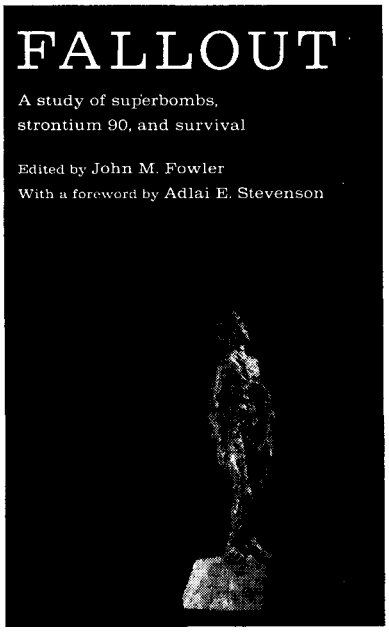
Book in the News



"Fallout: A Study of Superbombs, Strontium 90, and Survival," edited by John M. Fowler *(Basic Books. 235 pp. $5.50), provides in non-technical language the raw material from which the public may mold opinion. Donald Keys is executive director of the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy.*

By Donald Keys

PUBLIC discussion of the hazards of nuclear war and nuclear testing has been greatly hampered by a dearth of reliable and understandable information. Government agencies charged with the development of nuclear weapons and the responsibilities of defense have been less than candid. Independent scientists have debated the issues on a plane too technical for the average reader.

The publication of "Fallout" substantially fills this gap. As Adlai Stevenson points out in his foreword, this is not a book merely about fallout; "It is a book about our nuclear quandary." With a high sense of purpose, editor John M. Fowler has brought together a distinguished group of articles by highly qualified people which cover everything from the bombs and their products, their effects on human life and the chances of medical protection against radiation, to the problems of civil defense and survival in a nuclear war.

Decrying the fact that "with this change in the size of wars has come no parallel growth in the statesmanship of nations," Dr. Fowler feels we must look to public opinion for guidance, but finds public opinion "unformed and uninformed." "To present to the public the raw materials from which this opinion can be forged," he declares, "is both the privilege and the duty of the scientist."

Perhaps the reason we have had to wait so long for a book of this kind is because much of the data that fills its pages has only recently become available. In terms of need it is overdue, but none the less welcome for that. As the authors freely admit, there remain many areas of doubt and uncertainty. There can be no doubt, however, that "Fallout" represents by far the best summary of available information and succeeds in providing a basis upon which the layman can make valid decisions.

The opening pages present a simple yet comprehensive review of the bombs and how they work. The author reminds us that the "three-decker" fission-fusion-fission bomb, while horribly "dirty," is so immensely powerful and economical that it is doubtful any nation would forego its use; that a twenty-megaton bomb will cause third-degree burns within a radius of forty-five miles, and that the "clean bomb" (since it uses an A-bomb trigger) is an "obvious impossibility." He notes the irony of the fact that Dr. Willard F. Libby, who developed the "carbon dating" system of measuring the age of archeological objects, has been one of the persons most responsible for destroying its future usefulness. The nuclear testing program, of which Dr. Libby is a chief architect, has added large amounts of radioactive carbon-14 to the atmosphere, spoiling "carbon-dating" measurements for the future.

FROM the following chapters on fallout and the biological effects of radiation, we learn that fallout is seasonal and hemispheric. It comes to earth most heavily with the storms of spring, and two-and-one-half times more "falls out" in the heavily populated north temperate zone than elsewhere, principally because the majority of the testing programs have taken place in those latitudes.

Dr. Fowler's commentary on the rising level of fallout is not a comforting one. He points out that the average diet of a New Yorker in 1958 contained approximately 15 strontium units, that the average child in the United States in 1956 will have 9.3 strontium units in his bone, and that this will deliver an amount of radiation nearly equal to that from all natural sources combined, even if no more tests are held.

One of the main unresolved questions regarding the effects of fallout has been whether or not a "threshold" for radiation effects exists, below which no damage is done. Dr. Walter Guild states that the latest data "tend to indicate" that there is no threshold even to the lowest levels.

On the important matter of a "permissible" dose, Dr. Guild reminds us that the final answer is not a scientific but a moral one: society must decide for itself what risks it is willing to run. Unfortunately, these pages were written before the recent action of the new National Committee on Radiation Protection and Measurements, lowering the "permissible" level for general populations by two-thirds. This action put foodstuffs in a number of areas well above the "permissible" level.

Regarding the genetic effects, contributor James Crowe concludes, "The amount of genetic damage due to fallout and other man-made radiation is small relative to mutation from other causes. Yet, considering the size of the present and future world population, this small fraction can be a very large number."

THERE are fascinating sections on two little-known subjects: a description of radiation accidents and an account of the efforts that are being made to develop medical protection against radiation damage. Pointing out that cold and dehydration reduce radiation effects, Dr. Jack Schubert whimsically concludes that a dead drunk in an underground, cold storage room would have the best chance of surviving a nuclear war. In a more sober vein, he describes chemicals that can minimize radiation damage, but feels that they are not promising for general use. We learn that calcium salts added to dairy feed could reduce strontium in milk, and that breast feeding will shield infants from the full effects of strontium-90.

Turning to the problems of civil defense, nuclear war, and survival, the contributors differ in attitudes but not on essential facts. Chet Holifield makes a plea for civil defense expenditures as a vital aspect of preparedness. Arthur H. Rosenfeld feels that a test ban is feasible, but that energy, imagination, and money for research will be required if a trustworthy inspection system is to be evolved. The description of the negotiations on detection of bomb tests is particularly helpful.

Concerning the nuclear war, we learn that a small raid of 1,500 megatons (millions of tons of explosive power) could be expected to completely

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destroy urban life, and with it the cultural, industrial, and communication complex that forms the fabric of our civilization. We are drawn a picture of survivors emerging after three months (not two weeks—Governor Rockefeller, please note) to a fire-swept, blasted countryside in which contamination would preclude growing food on the Eastern seaboard, and even in parts of the Midwest for a generation or more. Lowered resistance caused by radiation, and the lack of medical help would result in rampant infection and disease. Radiation-caused cancer and genetic damage would deal a long-term blow of serious dimensions. A larger attack of 10,000 to 20,000 megatons would result in death to 80 to 95 per cent of the American population in sixty days. Such an attack, Dr. Ralph Lapp declares, could envelop an entire nation in lethality.

DR. Fowler reminds us of the uncomfortable fact that the choice between war and survival is made piecemeal, in the little decisions on resumption of testing, hardened missile bases, the arming of additional countries with nuclear weapons. The choice, he feels, should not be made by the scientist, weapons expert, or military leader, but by the American electorate as a whole. He calls for "peace spending" as opposed to greater defense outlays, for the "difficult and precarious" task of finding a solution to war.

John Fowler has succeeded admirably in his purpose. He has produced a highly readable text which contains all the necessary raw material for intelligent decisions on survival. For the technically-minded the book contains a useful appendix and glossary.

If there is a job that remains to be done, it is a comprehensive study of the chances of recovery from nuclear attack: the logistics of organizing a rural civilization, the problems of preserving law and order—democratic or otherwise. No one has tried to describe the point at which a nation ceases to be a nation, even though some of its inhabitants may survive the immediate catastrophe.

Is a nation a nation if 90 per cent of its leadership in government, science, industry, and learning is destroyed? Is a nation a nation if it consists of isolated remnants and segments of military groups? What is the sociology of the aftermath? One might speculate upon why neither public-spirited foundations nor government-sponsored study groups have faced up to this problem with the sort of enthusiasm they have shown in describing the necessities for a tighter missile race, and do-it-yourself fallout shelters.

CAUSES

Pawns in the Game of Profit

"The Consumer's Manifesto," by Mario Pei *(Crown. 111 pp. $2.50), represents an explosive departure for a distinguished linguist, who exhorts the buyers of the nation to organize against management and labor. Edward C. Bursk is editor of the Harvard Business Review.*

By Edward C. Bursk

THE MARKET for this book is large: it is the Consumer; it is all of us. Although not spelled with a capital C in the book, that is the way Consumer is meant. Mario Pei's argument is simple, and he expresses it clearly, not to say forthrightly:

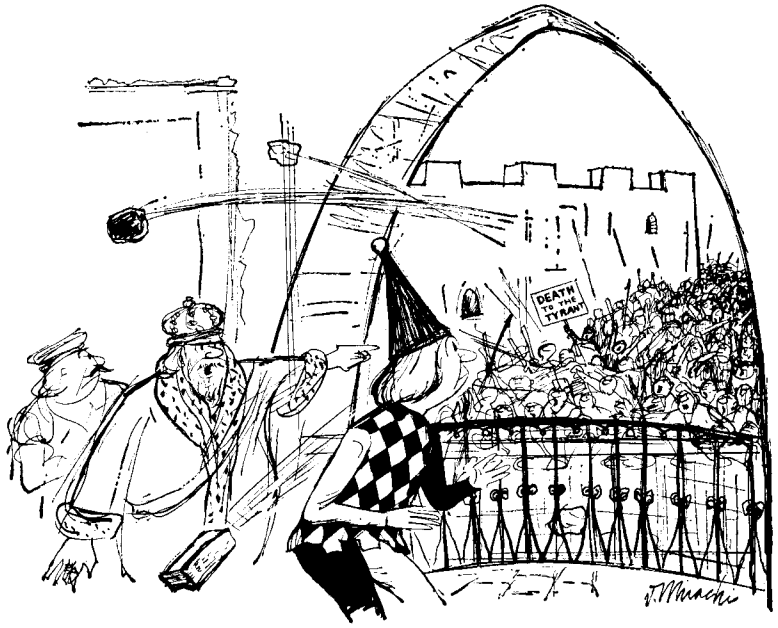
> This book is addressed to the forgotten man of modern economic life, the consumer. It is a plea to him to unite and organize in defense of his interests, which do not coincide with those of the two great driving forces of modern economics, labor and management, and are often not merely disregarded but actively trampled upon.

Further, there are two ways in which the Consumer suffers: 1) as "innocent bystander" when management and labor are in conflict, at which time "he is treated with a lack of consideration that too often borders on ruthlessness"; and 2) in the role of "economic victim, played upon by the Hidden Persuaders . . . to induce him to consume more and thereby better the economic lot of the producing classes" – the producing classes being management and labor.

It seems clear, however, that it is the first kind of victimization that really bothers Pei. For in explaining his solution—a veritable union of consumers that will picket plants and boycott products—the examples are predominately situations where the labor unions have been granted unjustified wage increases, which in turn are passed on to the Consumer as "inflated prices."

Actually, Pei does not develop any of the charges currently leveled at management (some of them the result of management's own soul-searching); for instance, the idea that consumers are forced to accept new models oftener than they should from the point of efficiency, or that they are manipulated into buying without being aware of it. He even admits that the Hidden Persuaders are "often not hidden at all." This is fortunate; otherwise he would be on very shaky ground. In general, consumers are quite a match for management; their powers of resistance (so a competent psychologist tells me) grow faster than do techniques of psychological influencing.

In fact, Pei is so clearly concerned



"Get out there and make them laugh."

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with management-labor conflict, which of course wouldn't raise prices unless management continually succumbed to labor's demands, that the force of his new consumer movement would inevitably be to strengthen management's position. In this sense the book is strongly pro-management; that is, such is the effect, although I don't think Pei intended it quite so boldly—or at all. I hope not; for if this were a disguised attempt to undermine labor in behalf of management, then it should be disowned and denounced from the highest offices in the highest skyscrapers.

Not that there isn't truth in the allegation that a large part of what labor gains in wage rates is lost again in increased prices—though not all, for rising labor costs are an incentive to management to increase productivity through greater mechanization. But I am convinced all Americans prefer to have that case stated openly, on its own merits, not sneakily, as part of a plausible and emotionally charged plea that "Consumers Arise!"—*all* Americans, including both management and labor. It does get emotional. Listen:

> His [the Consumer's; it should be her] position then resembles that of a civilian population caught in a war to the death between two great military forces. "Too bad that you non-belligerent, non-combatant civilians have to suffer and die," the leaders of the opposing forces seem to say. "But it just can't be helped; our objectives are what they are. They must be gained at any cost. . . ."

The fact remains that Pei probably does not mean to make his movement an unwitting tool for management. Then he is guilty of being naïve. There is some further evidence along this line. For instance, he says a corporation is "inspired purely by a profit motive, not at all by an ideal of service to the community." However, some people (including consumers in the guise of stockholders) are becoming worried because managements are currently more enamored of service than of profits.

Of course, if Pei is *only* concerned about consumers who are not also laborers or managers, then he has something. But then he ought to write a different book, too, with a vastly smaller market. Are widows, orphans, and retired laborers and managers on fixed pensions hurt more by gradual inflation than is justified by the good to society as a whole? That is another question, subject to honest disagreement—and/or vigorous debate. But Pei wants also:

> . . . such union members as feel that their consumer interests take

(*Continued on page* 35)

Radical Road to Restraint

"Lament for a Generation," by Ralph de Toledano *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 272 pp. $3.95), and* ***"The End of Ideology," by Daniel Bell*** *(Free Press. 416 pp. $7.50), the first personal, the second impersonal, both retread the road that the middle-aged have traveled to arrive at today's "middle way." William Henry Chamberlin, foreign correspondent for The Christian Science Monitor in the Soviet Union from 1922-34, has been an editorial commentator for The Wall Street Journal since 1945. His most recent book is "The Evolution of a Conservative."*

By William Henry Chamberlin

THESE two books are variations on a single theme: the bankruptcy in the modern age of crusading ideals and "causes." Mr. de Toledano approaches the subject with a record of personal experience that brought him from the frothy left-wing radicalism of his Columbia student days to his present willingness to stand on a platform of moderate constructive conservatism, of which he regards Vice President Nixon as a hopeful symbol. (Mr. Nixon contributes a foreword to the book.)

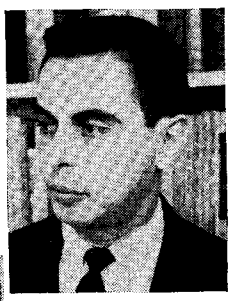
Mr. Bell's work is of a more solid, scholarly type, bristling with erudition in sociology, political science, and other fields. It analyzes the American political, economic, and intellectual scene from a variety of angles and reaches the conclusion that conscious ideology is very much in eclipse today. Incidentally, both Mr. Toledano and Mr. Bell served an apprenticeship with *The New Leader,* a struggling magazine of ideas so broad in its hospitality that almost every viewpoint except violent reaction and Communism has found spokesmen in its columns.

The phenomenon which has attracted the attention of Messrs. de Toledano and Bell is equally marked on both sides of the Atlantic and on both sides of the Iron Curtain. The ideological banners that were unfurled during the depression-ridden and turbulent Thirties have lost their rallying appeal.

Fascism, which during the prewar and war years seemed likely to engulf continental Europe, received a shattering defeat in the Second World War. Although remnants and hangovers may crop up from time to time, there is no serious prospect of a revival of Fascism in the countries of its origin, Germany and Italy, although in the Soviet-ruled part of Germany the Fascist technique of propaganda plus terrorism is made to serve the purposes of Communism.

Communism, which had its appeal on campus and in slum alike during the economically dismal 1930s, has received a series of moral shocks that have disillusioned many of its former converts. The purges of veteran Communists in the Thirties, the cynical deal between Hitler and Stalin, the repeated exposure of Communist parties as fifth columns of Soviet espionage and subversion, the virulent anti-Semitism in the Soviet Union during Stalin's last years (which is by no means extinct), the crushing of the freedom movement in Hungary—all these developments have exerted their cumulative effect.

Socialism, which promised the supposed benefits of a planned economy and a more equal distribution of property without Communist bloodshed and dictatorship, has been chloroformed as a militant faith by the prosperity of the affluent society which prevails today in most of Western Europe, as well as in the United States and Canada. If an inquiring reporter visits the Labor Party headquarters in Great Smith Square in London he is likely to emerge



Ralph de Toledano

—*Jim Mahan.*

Daniel Bell

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staggering under a load of pamphlets explaining how the Labor program will provide a just solution for every problem, from housing in Britain to development of newly emancipated lands in Africa and Asia.

A similar visit to Conservative headquarters will yield a much smaller harvest of pamphlets and a much sketchier and more pragmatic exposition of Conservative policies. But in general elections the Conservatives have beaten the Laborite ideologists three times running; and the end is perhaps not in sight.

There has been the same trend in Germany, where jovial, rotund Economics Minister Ludwig Erhard's slogan, "Prosperity for All," has proved far more popular than Karl Marx's visibly outdated theories of class war.

Reliable information about moods in Communist-ruled countries is harder to come by, for obvious reasons. But it seems reasonable to assume that the passionate fanatical commitment to a secular millennium which carried the Soviet regime to victory against formidable odds forty years ago has given way to a much more sober attitude. The wry Polish joke: "Capitalism means the exploitation of man by man; this is just reversed under Socialism" would find appreciative listeners in the Soviet Union.

Born in Tangier of Spanish-Jewish parents, reared and educated in New York, Mr. de Toledano describes the intellectual odyssey of a humane and sensitive man who was brought by experience to renounce the standard left-wing idols of his younger student years. His book offers valuable documentation of what might be called McCarthyism of the Left; he describes incident after incident of hostility, persecution, and discrimination to which he and other anti-Communists were subjected. Ironically enough, some of these incidents occurred while de Toledano was in military service and found occasion to challenge the strong pro-Soviet bias in some of the political lectures and manuals which were part of the training course.

De Toledano covered the Hiss trial and wrote a book largely concerned with it entitled "Seeds of Treason." He offers the following summary of the second Hiss trial, which ended in conviction:

> Of the ten fat volumes which make up the second trial record, the testimony of Whittaker Chambers was but a relatively small part. What damned Hiss was a host of other witnesses and the 'immutable evidence' —Tom Murphy's phrase—of typewriter and documents. But the strat-

(*Continued on page* 35)

FICTION

Dilemma of a Peripatetic Diarist

Max Frisch—"has captured [the] essential anguish of modern man."

"Homo Faber," by Max Frisch; *translated by Michael Bullock (Abelard-Schuman. 197 pp. $3.95), depicts a man, governed by reason, who learns about human emotion. Richard Plant teaches literature at New York's City College.*

By Richard Plant

IT IS GOOD to have another of Max Frisch's works published in this country. It took six years for his successful novel "I'm Not Stiller" to reach us; and, up to now, neither Broadway nor Off-Broadway has offered any of the dramas that have given Frisch a European reputation similar to that of his Swiss countryman Friedrich Duerrenmatt. Plays like "Graf Oderland" or "Herr Biedermann und die Brandstifter" would in all probability find as much of an audience here as Ionesco and Genêt. Of course, Frisch's plays are less eccentric, less the work of one of our *"poètes maudits"*; though he can mirror the tortured paradox of our existence as well as any existentialist or surrealist, his flights of fantasy usually have solid earth as their destination, and he shuns the techniques of symbolism or allegory.

Before I contradict myself here to say that "Homo Faber" does contain certain symbols, some translatable, others more obscure, it must be pointed out that the novel is, foremost, an odyssey. Walter Faber, self-assured, reliable, a seasoned warrior of many projects, has been asked to assemble some special machinery for UNESCO in Venezuela. Frisch first records Faber's diary set down in Caracas in June (it is named "First Stop"), and then another diary ("Second Stop"), written in an Athens hospital in July, which is interspersed with flashbacks of his repeat journey to Venezuela. Just as in "I'm Not Stiller," the author himself does not report. The hero talks, or rather notes the different stations of his long, circuitous pilgrimage, which takes him from South America to New York, to France, to Italy, back to New York and South America, then to Cuba, and, finally, to Greece.

Faber believes only in technology. Reason rules our lives, just as reason rules our machines. Broken motors can be repaired. Human lives don't break but if they show defects they can be mended. You just need know-how and engineering skill. Whenever possible, Faber keeps busy with machines and avoids human beings. He can't tolerate anyone's company over an extended stretch of time. He likes a few people for obvious reasons — they're good chess players — but he never gets involved. A double bed reminds him of prison and fills him with nausea. Emotions only occur, so he explains, when one is tired.

But destiny is cruel—in the hands of Max Frisch it is outright diabolical. Faber, the technologically conditioned man of our century, who is able to restore to life an old mud-filled car, cannot extricate himself from the web of relationships some malicious god has woven and tightened to a strangling knot. When Faber meets Sabeth, young, unspoiled, trusting, when he falls in love, knowing how silly it is for a man of fifty to attach himself to a teen-age girl, fate has set to prove with merciless blows that he cannot shun emotions as the outpourings of a tired brain.

From the erratic flashbacks of his diary we learn now that Faber has failed as a friend, as a husband, as a father. And slowly we realize how well Frisch has kept his diaries in

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style: the first half presents the musings of a man dedicated to engineering and fighting off close human relationships. But as we open the "Second Stop" all the things Faber has ridiculed come back to haunt him. He ends up waiting for the surgeon's knife, finally accepting his failure as a human being. Hanna, the half-Jewish refugee woman whom he treated so coldly that she refused to marry him, is the only one to stand by him now, many years later, in the depressing hospital room of an alien country.

By that time we have learned of the revenge of fate: the girl Faber loved was his own daughter. The readers guess it before Faber does, and so we are not giving away those secrets reviewers are always supposed to guard. It must be admitted that Frisch piles up coincidences. It does not seem likely that Faber would meet his own daughter on a ship returning to Europe; it appears just as accidental that he should run into the brother of his best friend—Hanna's later husband—on a plane to South America. To this the author might answer that "Oedipus Rex" is also full of coincidence, and that he has tried to fashion a modern Greek tragedy; Faber's crime is not the *hubris* of the Greek king who competes with the gods, but the arrogance of modern man who worships the false idols of technocracy.

Frisch is especially brilliant when it comes to disasters. The initial plane crash, with which the novel opens, is related with such specific detail that one can easily identify with the panic of the passengers. And when it comes to a South American village, in the middle of a hot and sticky nowhere, where life stands still forever and the Indians are too lazy even to steal, Frisch displays descriptive powers reminiscent of Joseph Conrad. One is tempted to say that he thrives on emergencies: the more desperate the situation, the more convincing his narrative. And he rarely allows Faber to step out of character. As mentioned before, the "First Stop" mirrors only the idiom of Faber, the engineer's engineer, who manages to keep our sympathy despite his attempts to make himself despicable. In "Stop Two" we watch the mask crumble away: as Faber is carried towards self-illumination and disaster, he becomes a true human being. Whether the surgeons will cure him or kill him, we don't know. But we know we are caught with Faber. And once in a while we feel that Max Frisch has captured that essential anguish of modern man which we find in the best of Camus.

Michael Bullock's translation, by the way, is excellent.

Prandial Time in Paris

"The Dinner Party," by Claude Mauriac; *translated by Merloyd Lawrence (Braziller. 320 pp. $4), is a first novel by a well-known French critic, who tells his tale totally in dialogue. Chairman of New York University's Department of French, Germaine Brée is the author of the literary study "Camus."*

By Germaine Brée

Claude Mauriac — "an amusing exercise in identification."

"EUGENIE, do me the favor of sitting over there, across from me . . . Gilles on my right. And you, Roland, . . . here. Your dinner partner is our ravishing Marie-Ange . . ." In a wealthy apartment situated in the fashionable Ile Saint Louis section of Paris, eight people sit down to dinner. Three hundred pages later "eight napkins placed simultaneously on the tablecloth" bring to an end both dinner and novel. It takes the reader, the silent ninth dinner guest, just about the same time to get through the novel as it takes the guests to get through dinner. He must be willing, however, to play the game and, with the help of the specially designed and mobile "seating arrangement at the dinner party," to recognize, within the first ten pages, each one of the characters speaking in turn—an amusing exercise in identification.

Even though there is a strong suggestion that for Parisians, the novel has the flavor of a *roman à clef*, Claude Mauriac's characters in themselves are rather dull, stereotyped (perhaps intentionally) and his psychology (unintentionally one suspects) elementary. Bertrand Carnéjoux, the host, is a fairly successful novelist, who in the course of the dinner party thinks up just such a novel as Mauriac has written. A better editor than novelist, he is even more successful as a Don Juan, a Don Juan now approaching that climactic age, fifty. His young and faithful wife, Martine, engrossed in her love for her two small children, is perfectly aware of the affairs he believes he so successfully conceals: his present liaisons with the maid serving dinner and with one of the guests, beautiful twenty-four-year-old Marie-Ange, model and future movie star; his past loves too, such as his long-forgotten, erstwhile affair with another guest, Lucienne Osborn—now the wife of a powerful film magnate—whom, toward the end of dinner, he suddenly identifies. His licit and illicit intimacies are revealed in brief flashes of conversation, and he himself vaguely becomes aware of the strong current of attraction drawing Martine, his faithful wife, to her neighbor, a handsome middle-aged screenwriter, Gilles Bellecroix.

Seated next to Roland Soulaires, an immensely wealthy man-about-town and impenitent dinner-table conversationalist, young Marie-Ange, only a few years but "many men away" from her Canadian village, vaguely calculates how to play Soulaires for what he is worth, unaware of the inner turmoils of Soulaires haunted by his fears of impotence. Between Marie-Ange and Eugénie Prieur, a former Paris belle now bundled up in her shawls, her anecdotes, and her sixties, sits twenty-year-old Jérôme, a last-minute, fill-in guest brimming with anxiety and the desire to make an impression.

"The Dinner Party" moves simultaneously on two levels, both fragmentary, which the reader must complete, combine, and connect: the sophisticated conversational level of well-to-do Pari-

(*Continued on page* 66)

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Shifting Sands on the Arab Scene

"The Changing Middle East," by Emil Lengyel *(John Day. 395 pp. $5.75), traces and analyzes developments, especially during the last decade, in a complex and volatile area. Ernest K. Lindley is director of the Washington Bureau of Newsweek.*

By Ernest K. Lindley

ONE OF the most difficult and often baffling tasks for American citizens who wish to be well informed about world affairs is to try to understand the Middle East. No area is more complex or more persistently tumultuous. Yet try to understand it we must. It is not only a critical theatre in the cold war but one in which a local war or political upheaval might trigger a great war.

Emil Lengyel, educator, journalist, and authority on the Middle East, herewith renders fine service to the perplexed observer. His readable, comprehensive survey of the history of the Middle East during the last ten years unravels many of the complexities. It also contains many thought-provoking comments and illuminates some of the leading personalities presently on the stage.

One of the several virtues of Professor Lengyel's book is balance. Many Middle Easterners, especially the Arab leaders and their partisans, probably will take strong exception to some of his observations. But he fairly states conflicting viewpoints and devotes major attention to the Arab states and to Arab grievances and aspirations. Another virtue of Professor Lengyel's book is suspended judgment. Where the evidence is cloudy, he seldom attempts a verdict. He does, however, set forth some general conclusions and suggestions for the future bearing on American policy. Certain of these seem to this reader to be of dubious validity.

The author states that containment has failed in the Middle East and that the Soviet Union "can no longer be left out of account" in a Middle Eastern settlement. He proposes that the great powers agree to limit arms shipments to the Middle East and join in a program of economic development. Has containment failed? The Soviet thrusts towards the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf have been blocked so far. Turkey and Iran remain independent. The Soviets, it is true, have obtained a foothold of sorts in the United Arab Republic and, more recently, a potential one in Iraq. But neither is a Communist satellite or a secure Soviet base of operations. Nasser has been mending his relations with the West, and in Iraq, Kassem, his chief rival for Arab leadership, appears to have curbed his internal Communist threat.

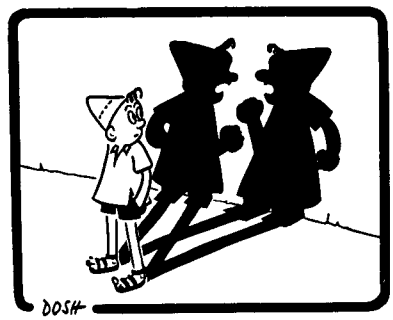
Professor Lengyel says that "it would be unrealistic to assume that it [the Soviet Union] could afford the West's taking the region over." Perhaps so. But the West is not trying to take the region over. France has been pushed out and Britain pushed back to the principalities along the Persian Gulf and Arabian Sea coasts of the Arabian peninsula. The U.S., now the primary Western influence, is not trying to take the region over. We are trying to keep the Middle East free by keeping the Soviets out.

Moreover, the bulk of the evidence indicates that Moscow's interest in the Middle East, although lively, is less than vital—that is, not worth a war. During the Suez crisis, Moscow did not threaten intervention until the U.S. had taken its stand against France, Britain, and Israel. In the crisis in Lebanon in 1958, Moscow's growls and threats faded into a mere complaint to the U.N. when we sent in troops. Moscow's desire to avoid a war over the Middle East may well extend to a desire to head off a local war, such as between the Arab states and Israel, which might lead to Western intervention. But, short of that, it has much to gain from keeping the Middle East in turmoil and in driving a wedge between the Arab world and the West. And the arms shipments to the Middle East it is plainly most interested in halting are those from the United States to Iran, the weakest point in the free world's front line in the Middle East.

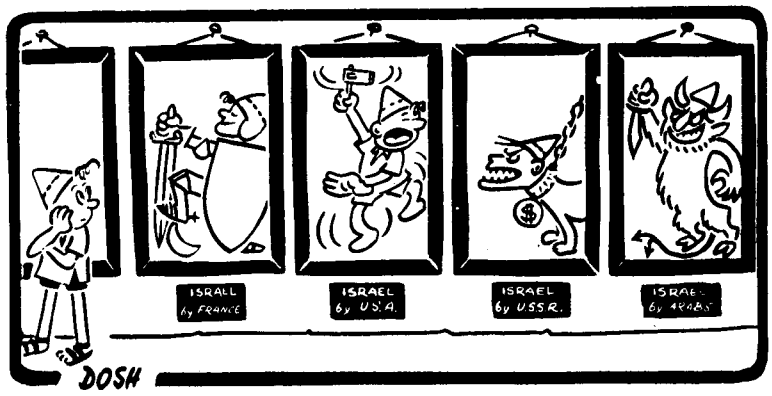
IN principle, the concept of a Middle Eastern "settlement" negotiated by the great powers is an obsolete holdover from the colonialist period that has all but vanished and which we are trying to prevent from returning under Soviet auspices. In reality, there is not much in the Middle East for Moscow and the West to negotiate about.

Professor Lengyel offers the Arab states wise advice about Israel: make peace. Unquestionably, Israel, the most advanced nation in the Middle East,

ISRAELI COMMENTATOR: Charles (Kariel) Gardosh, known to the Israelis as "Dosh," makes his Western debut as a cartoonist in a small volume, "**To Israel, With Love**" (Yoseloff, $4.95). He symbolizes Israel as a small boy in the shorts worn by the native-born *sabras* and is often both witty and pungent. Herewith are two cartoons found in this amusing and provocative collection of his work.



"Which of them is right?"



"In the Picture Gallery"—varying conceptions of Israel.

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could be of great assistance in the economic and social development of her Arab neighbors. But, as the author must know from his descriptions of Arab attitudes, his words will fall on ears which, for the present, are deaf. He seems to doubt that the Arabs are serious about trying to drive the Israelis into the sea. They would like to. But most, probably all in responsible places, know that the effort would fail: if the Israelis couldn't defend themselves against a concerted Arab assault, the free world would. But they apparently still hope to destroy Israel by persuading the U.N. to go back to its original plan of partition. Those who know better don't dare say so. It may be many years before the Arabs take Professor Lengyel's sound advice.

Primer for Sinologues

"China: Its People, Its Society, Its Culture," by Chang-tu Hu in collaboration with Samuel C. Chu, Leslie L. Clark, Jung-pang Lo, Yuan-li Wu; edited by Hsiao Hsia *(H.R.A.F.-Taplinger. 610 pp. $10), studies from all angles the status of Red China today. Kenneth Scott Latourette is Sterling Professor of Missions and Oriental History, emeritus, at Yale University.*

By Kenneth Scott Latourette

HERE is as comprehensive, factual, and objective a study of Communist China as is to be found in any language. It is the product of the Human Relations Area Files, an organization affiliated with Yale, with seventeen member universities. Several years of research have been devoted to this inquiry, on which a number of scholars have collaborated—not only those listed on the title page but others as well.

All aspects of the Chinese scene are covered in the book: geographic, ethnic, linguistic, social, economic, political, and international. The present situation under the Communists is placed in the setting of China's past, including the stages of the revolution in China's life and culture which preceded the Communist mastery of the mainland. No attempt is made to cover Taiwan and the Nationalist regime or to give a chronological survey of the history of the mainland since the Communists came to power. The authors hold no brief for the People's Republic of China, and the Communists will not like the book, for it is clearly not written to support their claims. Yet the more extreme opponents of Communism will regard it as too mild. The contributors have endeavored, and with striking success, to be as objective as is humanly possible in a field highly charged with emotion.

The authors are convinced that the Communists are so deeply entrenched on the mainland that they are not likely to be dislodged in the near future. They have no hesitation in presenting the positive features of a regime that has transformed a prostrate, humiliated people into a strong, aggressive nation, with the largest standing army in the world, supported by modern technology and employing modern organizational techniques. They note the strains, actual and potential, in the relations with Russia, but they are of the opinion that no early rift is likely which will dissolve the tie between the two governments. Each still needs the other. Mao Tse-tung's China is now, next to Russia, the most powerful member of the Communist bloc, and its leaders do not hesitate to speak their mind, even when that is not in full accord with the Kremlin. They are more provincial than the latter, so the authors point out, and are even more self-assured.

THE Communist industrial achievements, the authors hold, are only moderately impressive, and the natural resources available for extensive industrialization have distinct limitations—although here sufficient account may not have been taken of the hydroelectric potential, and the extent of the mineral deposits is admittedly only imperfectly known. The authors point out the unsolved problem of the vast increase in population. The structure of the government and the Communist Party is described, as is its monolithic character with its equipment for the indoctrination of the masses, its curb on deviations from the Communist line, and the abuses of certain of the cadres.

According to the authors, the burden of taxation on the farmers is no lighter than under pre-Communist days and, except for a minority, the promises of advances in real wages have not yet been fulfilled. The basic changes in the family, in the associated historic ethical standards, and in the status of women are noted, together with the striking increase in the divorce rate—which may be ascribable in part to the greater freedom accorded to women. Much is said of education, of the efforts to eradicate illiteracy, of the simplification of the written language, of the extensive employment of newspapers and the radio, and of developments in literature and art—the latter expressed in part through visual aids in official propaganda. Efforts to improve public health are reported, but we are not informed of the extent and quality of medical education—except in the utilization of traditional methods and drugs.

One of the best chapters is that on foreign relations. Although brief, it is as comprehensive, as penetrating, and as well balanced as anything in print. The hostility to the United States is considered, along with the apparent irreconcilability of the claims of the Communists and Nationalists regimes. Each government insists that it is the only legitimate one for all China and that the conflict is a domestic matter, and both are adamant against recognition of two Chinas. There is unrest among the students and intellectuals, dissatisfaction among other elements in the population, but the statement is made that, on the whole, "the reaction of the Chinese people to Communist policies is one of acquiescence. They are pleased to find themselves members of a nation which, for the first time in over a century, can demand and expect international recognition of its power and importance in world affairs."

—From "Chinese Art in the XX Century."

"Goose Farm," colored woodcut, by Huang Yung-yu.

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One Continent Indivisible

"The Triumph of Tyranny," by Stephen Borsody *(Macmillan. 285 pp. $4.50), asserts that the Continent's problems can only be resolved by a United States of Europe. The Rt. Hon. Arthur Henderson, Q.C., M.P., is chairman of the Parliamentary Group for World Government.*

By Arthur Henderson

THIS book is a most valuable contribution to the study of European problems, both present and past. Professor Borsody's analysis of the arbitrary way in which the old Hapsburg Empire was broken up after the First World War is accurate and objective; nor would anyone who is familiar with developments in Central Europe during the "twenty years' crisis"—that is during the inter-war years—differ materially from his assessment of the results of the treaties of Versailles and Trianon. There is little doubt, for example, that the most important single factor contributing to Danubian instability was the hostility between Hungary—dismembered by the Trianon Treaty—and her Czechoslovak, Rumanian, and Yugoslav neighbors. The author reminds us that more than one-quarter of all Hungarians living in the Danubian Valley were incorporated into Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and Yugoslavia.

The impact of Hungarian hostility was a powerful stimulus to the formation of the Little Entente as a solid block against Hungary's revisionist aspirations. The author recalls the efforts of the late President Benes to secure a rapprochement with Hungary, and he condemns Hungary's rulers for refusing to consider Benes's proposals. With this background, the efforts of those who supported the concept of a Danubian federation were frustrated and nullified. As Professor Borsody points out, "Jealous and suspicious, infected by the spirit of intolerance, the Danubian states lacked the good will and moderation needed for a federation."

The present writer can confirm this from his own experience. I paid a number of visits to Prague, Budapest, and Bucharest in 1938 and 1939, and in spite of the growing Hitler menace, threatening the security of all three countries, it was impossible to avoid the conclusion that the need for boundary revision precluded the possibility of cooperation in defense of common interests in face of a common danger.

The troubles created among the new Danubian states were of course only one aspect of the crisis between the two wars. "The war to end war" did not end war! The peace treaty did not bring peace and security. The international collective machinery — the League of Nations, which was set up with the object of solving problems by pacific means and establishing the rule of law and justice, was inadequate for the tasks that lay before it. No doubt Czarist Russia would have been included. Soviet Russia was excluded. The United States of America declined to join.

The author holds that the roots of the inter-war crisis lay in the dissolution of Allied unity. He states—and I think rightly—that the decision of the United States not to join the League of Nations "dealt the first and almost mortal blow to the peace organization." I am one of those who believe that World War II would almost certainly not have occurred if the United States had taken its rightful place in the League of Nations, where she would have been able to exercise a constructive and developing influence. I think it is true that the withdrawal of the United States into traditional isolation and the progressive weakening of unity between Britain and France, led France, whose fear of Germany was unabated, to "an exaggerated search for security" and to seek allies in the Middle Zone. I agree with Professor Borsody's view that her alliances with Poland and the Little Entente, which set up the *cordon sanitaire* in Central and Eastern Europe, were designed to encircle Germany and keep the Soviet Union contained. In the result, as we have seen, that policy failed completely.

Opportunities to lead Europe into more hopeful ways presented themselves and were missed. The author insists that imperfect as the Locarno Pact of 1925 was, "if ever a favorable opportunity to bring about European reconciliation existed, it was during the Locarno era." This may well have been so, but in my view the Geneva Protocol of 1924, based on the banning of aggressive war and a system of collective security in a disarming world, offered the most practical step forward towards the goal of a world society. One of the major mistakes of British foreign policy was the failure of the British Government to ratify this Protocol. The Locarno Pact, valuable though it may have been, was only a second-best regional arrangement.

Professor Borsody argues rightly and strongly in favor of European federation and refers to the efforts of Aristide Briand to create a United States of Europe in 1929-1930. But Briand's plan did not materialize, as the author points out, "not because it was not needed, but because it would not be popular in an age which extolled national egotism . . . politicians preferred drifting along with the old tide of Nationalism to charting bold new courses of federalism." However, there are many people, including the present writer, who would agree with Mr. Borsody, that Europe's problems can only be finally resolved in a United States of Europe.

The author indicts the West for failing to go to the help of the 1956 Hungarian Revolution, but, alas, the West was itself divided at the time as a result of the Suez adventure. But for Suez the U.N.'s moral condemnation might well have deterred Russia.

I FIND myself in complete agreement with Professor Borsody in urging the need for a European solution of the German problem; such solution, as he observes, will, however, depend on the West's success in "perfecting the ties of unity among the free nations, both in Europe and within the Atlantic Community . . . without a European solution of the German question the future of the new-born German democracy may be gravely imperiled. And, of course, on German reunification hinges also the future of European reunification."

The fear that many people genuinely hold of the possible revival of German militarism could best be allayed if a reunified Germany had its place in a system of European security in a world that was advancing along the road to disarmament.

This book should be read by all those who are interested in the problems of Europe—problems which have already been the major causes of two world wars and which must now be resolved if we are to escape from the dangers of a World War III.

But, as the author points out, to avoid war and get rid of tyranny is not enough. Nations will have to subordinate national sovereignty to a new world order in which "freedom can be safeguarded through union."

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The Little Differences

THE WORKINGS of the human mind have never been under closer or more constant scrutiny than today. Following the signposts left by pioneers like Freud and Jung, present-day psychologists, psychiatrists, and other investigators are methodically exploring the horizons of intellect, searching — often with startling success — for the mainsprings of intelligence. As a result of such inquiries, an awareness of the world inside us is slowly filtering into the popular consciousness. Conversations are studded with terms that not many years ago were the private jargon of scientists; our judgments of people are tempered by our knowledge that the shape of a personality is more than simply a matter of will power; our inclination is perhaps more to pity than to censure.

Despite this, however, it is becoming increasingly difficult for a person to perceive his own mind and to chart the elements of his uniqueness. He can easily find out how bright he is, but he cannot so easily determine the special quality of his intelligence.

To Descartes and most other eighteenth-century philosophers, to think like other people seemed to present no overwhelming dangers. Schooled in the precepts of Aristotle, they found it reasonable to suppose that, since there was only one correct system of logic, all men of common sense should of course follow essentially the same patterns in their thinking. Given identical premises, clear-headed men would necessarily arrive at identical answers. But these philosophers were inclined to overlook a crucial fact: all men do not begin from the same premises. Nor should they. Differing experiences give people different windows on the world. A person should see to it that he is free to search for his own premises, to follow the paths that exist in his own mind. The great challenges that face men call for solutions that will not emerge from the kind of compromise that committees produce, or from the kind of thought that bubbles easily to the surface as a person scans a newspaper or watches a TV program. These challenges call for the unique creative force of the individual mind. Committees may sometimes accomplish something, a group of brainstorming thinkers may yield a worthwhile idea, electronic computers may play their part; but in the end it is the individual, thinking alone, who comes up with the great ideas. The protective coloring of the crowd is a fraudulent illusion; it doesn't protect at all, except from the labor pains caused by producing significant new ideas, and from the possibly even greater pains caused by hearing those ideas criticized and denounced by people who have an unshakable attraction to the comfortable old notions that are the common coin of the realm.

This is not to beat the dead horse of Babbittry. One of the happiest trends afoot today is the slow but perceptible movement away from gray-flannel conformity. Even in businesses where a subservient conformity once appeared to many to be a *sine qua non* of success, employers are increasingly seeking out the people whose minds are valuable precisely because they do not conform. And perhaps as significant as any other clue is the ubiquitous series of advertisements, portraying people of clear eye and lean jaw, that celebrates "the man who thinks for himself."

But if a conscious outward conformity is showing signs of declining, a less conscious conformity of thought does still linger. In every age there has been a shortage of great minds; there have been far too few people who were able to penetrate to the core of a problem and offer their fellows the answers they had been looking for. All men cannot have the kind of mind that devises a formula like $E=mc^2$, or writes a play like "Hamlet" or a book like "The Republic." But all men can create within themselves the kind of freedom such minds have. They can offer their fellow men the rare example of independent thought.

The mind that is aware of itself, that respects its own uniqueness, exerts a far more significant influence than the one that is simply adrift in the intellectual currents of its day. It can, by being an articulate dissenter, check the influence of the crowd. It can choose the best ideas and carry them to other minds. Because of the persuasive force of one personality acting upon another, it can be an agent of incalculable good.

IN 1845 a twenty-eight-year-old man, whose trade at the time was the pencil business, left the town in which he lived and built himself a hut at the edge of a secluded pond. There he lived for over two years, alone. One of the fruits of this period of solitude was "Walden," a book whose impact as a symbol has increased rather than diminished with time. For in each person there seems to exist the same impulse that sent Thoreau to Walden Pond, the impulse simply to be oneself. Most people are unable to retreat to the woods, but all people can create in themselves something like what Thoreau created in himself during those two years. It is possible for each of us to nourish his fragile, elusive qualities of uniqueness, to have a mind that reaches in its own way for the big, difficult questions more readily than it accepts the small, easy answers.—J.F.F.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

AD MAN OUT

As an admirer of the advertising campaign of the Institute of Life Insurance, I was pleased to see that it received one of your awards this year for distinguished advertising in the public interest [*SR*, April 23]. But it is my impression that this campaign was created by J. Walter Thompson, whereas you credit it to another leading agency, N. W. Ayer & Son.

Carroll Vincent.

New York, N. Y.

Editor's note: *Mr. Vincent is right. The Institute's campaign was the work of J. Walter Thompson. The first of many to point out the error was the N. W. Ayer firm itself. One of Ayer's senior executives expressed his admiration for the campaign, but asked that credit be given where credit was due. Credit is herewith gladly given.*

DOCTOR'S DILEMMA

Travel writer Horace Sutton's statements about excess baggage charges on airlines [*SR*, Mar. 19] strike a responsive chord. Why don't the airlines consider us professional people who never travel without a medical kit which, including stethoscope and various medications, usually weighs about ten pounds? In case of an emergency the airlines would be the first to be pleased to have a doctor aboard who had such a kit in his possession. Nevertheless, we still pay for excess baggage.

Furthermore, there is my five-pound dictating machine, an essential to continued liaison with my office. I would gladly take that in exchange for the foot rug, umbrella, and walking stick.

The lightest-weight suitcase weighs from six to twelve pounds, depending on its size. If you are going away for a month, and take two suitcases for the different temperatures and activities, you will end up with about twenty pounds of clothing—and the books and professional journals you have been saving to read all winter.

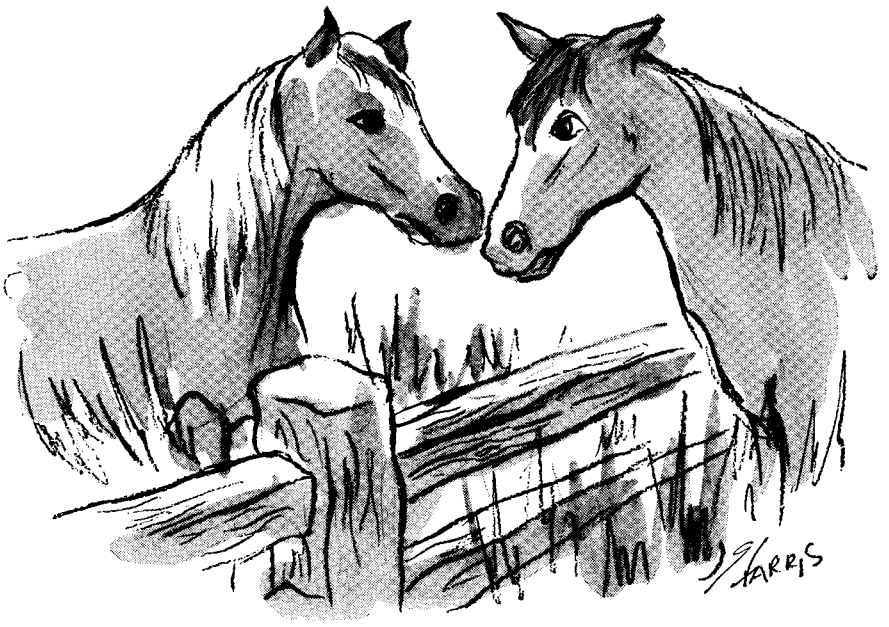
The airlines might start by keeping track of the total baggage poundage which, divided by the number of passengers, would give the average baggage pounds actually carried in each flight. Certainly, some way ought to be found to help the passenger who is leaving home for a trip that requires many different kinds of clothing and equipment.

Mary S. Calderone, M.D.

Great Neck, N. Y.

GOD AND TODAY'S MAN

I have no criticism of Granville Hicks's review of Dan Jacobson's "Evidence of Love" (which is a fine novel and finely reviewed), but I do have a criticism of the headline over the review "The Universal Search for Self," and the phrase in Mr. Hicks's review, "the problem of social responsibility" [*SR*, April 16].



"I still don't know why people kick us when they can't make themselves clear."

The "problem of identity," also mentioned by Mr. Hicks, is indeed the most dreadful problem we have to face today. . . . No doubt the beatniks are what they are out of the universal despair and the "loss of identity" so prevalent in fat and "secure" nations today. And no doubt so many young people turn to Communism because Communism does offer them some reason for living, however distorted and malignant.

The Biblical warning that "man does not live by bread alone" is even more true of the fat nations today than it was when first spoken. I do not repeat this warning out of "narrow indoctrination in religion," as some of our callow sophisticates might say with a smile, but out of fifty-nine years of endless work, privation, suffering, struggle, despair, and long years of hopelessness. I was there in your nebulous, amorphous, and shapeless world too, children, and I know how empty it is, and how lacking in sustenance, and how without meaning and identity.

The reason is very simple. Man in his natural state really has no meaning—except when he enters the reality of God. Then all things become meaningful and full of reason and with absolute identity of the unique and dignified self. "Social responsibility," itself, is an outgrowth of this reality. It cannot exist in a vacuum. If it does, it becomes part of the spiritual disease of Communism, and however noble the protestations of the victim, he is in truth a desperately infected man, diseased mentally and spiritually and morally. He cannot "help" others, whether or not he is a social worker or psychiatrist or politician, for he is blind and crippled and impotent. The very source of his theory is infected with madness. He cannot help; he can only betray and lead to destruction. We see this in the aimlessness and misery of even the most "privileged" in America. Take a look at the denizens of Park Avenue and Palm Beach!

"The universal search for self" will end in the reality of God. Only in his relationship with God will man find that for which he was born, for which he lives, and the reason why he dies. "A people without a vision will perish," warns the Bible. And comfortable, complacent, rich America is indeed in the process of disintegration. Communism won't bury us. We'll be buried under all our shiny gadgets, and our growing despair, and our lack of spiritual identification with God.

Taylor Caldwell.

Eggertsville, N. Y.

HANDS-OFF POLICY

I read the article on Soviet writing by Alexander Chakovsky [*SR*, April 2] with uncommon interest. I felt there were numerous comments by Mr. Chakovsky that exuded his defensiveness and perhaps caused him to present an aggressive front to us.

It also seemed pertinent that in the editor's note you indicated you had published the article *without editing*, and that in return *SR* would have space in the Soviet publication *Foreign Literature* for an article on American writing. Will your article be edited by the Russians before it is printed in *Foreign Literature*?

Joan M. Sellery.

Encino, Calif.

Editor's note: *Under the terms of the agreement between Foreign Literature and Saturday Review, no.*

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No. 2

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Rape Under Glass

IT WOULD be hard to conceive a more civilized and witty handling of rape than Jean Giraudoux's final play, "Pour Lucrèce." And Christopher Fry's smooth English version, titled "Duel of Angels," tends to elevate its content to an even more ethereal plane.

This tragedy of purity, set in nineteenth-century Aix-en-Provence, consists mainly of a series of moral decisions that never would have had to be made if someone hadn't insisted upon going too far. But the abrupt artificiality of this kind of work is happily relieved by practical wit, and by Giraudoux's determination to go beyond the simple tragedy of one woman to explore the subtle differences between living as a man and living as a woman.

The heroine of the play is Lucile, a woman so pure that she is mysteriously sensitive to impurity in others, and completely oblivious to her own inherent potentialities for the sort of earthy passion that leads to taking lovers. She is thus a menace to all unfaithful husbands and wives. One of these wives, Paola, warns Lucile that her refusal to acknowledge her publicly not only will result in the wrecking of her happy marriage, but is also a violation of the rule all women are supposed to keep; namely, "When you see a friend going off to visit her lover you'll give her your hand, and when she's returning you'll smile at her. You'll talk and laugh with the deceived indulgent husband. You'll make quite sure that what you do won't lead a man into making believe he sees things as they are and perhaps committing a crime."

When Lucile disregards this warning and proceeds to break up Paola's marriage, she is immediately faced with stern and appropriate revenge. Paola drugs her and arranges for her to wake up believing she has been raped by the town's most licentious character, Count Marcellus. But the events that follow Lucile's imaginary rape only confirm Paola's shrewd remarks to the effect that "the only thing Man demands from Woman is peace and quiet, to be left with his horses, and his work, and his money, and his own self-importance. He doesn't ask to live a real life, or to nurse his real passions, or to be a reality in the sense a woman is. He wants to go on with his game of make-believe." Since that make-believe includes both the heroics of dueling and the mandatory outraged husband-reaction to infidelity, regardless of circumstances, the denouement of "Duel of Angels" is one that paints this life as being best suited for compromisers, and brings to a disastrous end the play's two purists, Lucile (representing pure virtue), and Marcellus (representing pure vice).

Partly because of the bloodlessness of the translation, and partly because of Robert Helpmann's arbitrary insistence upon stylish stage pictures, "Duel of Angels" often seems stilted. Of the performers, only Vivien Leigh as Paola is able to maintain a consistent stage vitality within the confines of highly mannered movement. Miss Leigh thrives on cooing melodically such sarcasm as "but you wouldn't belee-eeve me," or on mimicking Lucile's "holiness" with a precise, sudden upward point of her finger. However, her success does not depend upon these tea-table virtues. No matter how facetious the play becomes, Miss Leigh makes her whole performance seem to

emanate from the sorrowful recall of some personal experience. She is similarly splendid at convincing us that she has made a great many private decisions between her almost startled look at news received, and her militantly poised recovery an instant later.

As Lucile, Mary Ure appears slightly uncomfortable in the early scenes where she must deliver consciously attitudinized speeches. But she improves considerably after rape, when she can begin to respond to the mysteries of her own subconscious. Peter Wyngarde captures the debonair surface of the rakish Count Marcellus. The rest of the performances are less successful, and as a result the third act lacks the authority of the first two. Likewise, it doesn't help for the play's stirring final speech to be delivered so casually that its impact is weakened.

However, even with these inadequacies, "Duel of Angels" remains an extraordinary work well worth your attention. —HENRY HEWES.

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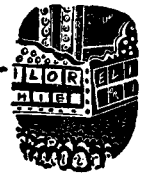

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Family Style

A FEW WEEKS ago, we wrote in this column of an all but vanished film form known in the trade as the "kid picture," the kind of movie that a responsible parent used to be able to send the children to on a Saturday afternoon with an untroubled conscience. Included in the list was "A Dog of Flanders," based on Ouida's durable juvenile classic. Three days later, the indefatigible 20th Century-Fox press people had arranged a meeting with Robert Radnitz, the youthful producer of the film. Its purpose: To point out that "Dog of Flanders" was *not* simply a "kid picture" but a "*family* picture." "Today," said Mr. Radnitz, "even with the most inexpensive kind of production, you have to bring in the whole family, or you're sunk. You can't make a picture that appeals to kids alone, not if you want to stay in business. Disney, I think, has the right answer. He makes his pictures for kids from six to sixty—and they bring in the customers. I tried to do the same thing with 'Dog of Flanders,' and do you know, in some situations I have already outgrossed 'Peyton Place'? There's a market for family pictures."

Of course there's a market for them! Disney has proved it time and time again. The second top box-office grosser last year was his "Shaggy Dog," and his "Old Yeller" ranked almost as high the year before. And this year, unless I am very much deceived, his "**Pollyanna**" should do at least as well. It has the feeling for Americana, the nostalgic glow of a simpler, gentler way of life that has characterized most of the Disney live-action features—and without the climactic terror that invariably mars his feature-length cartoons. There is warmth here, a genuine affection for the gingerbread houses, the splendid cars, the rococo rooms, the low-slung dresses, even the heavy hand-luggage of those years before World War I. More fundamental, there seems to be a genuine belief that the art of positive thinking, as practised by Eleanor H. Porter's little heroine, is every bit as applicable today as when "the glad game" was first invented. And as long as the picture remains on the screen, it would take a hardened cynic indeed to doubt it.

For one thing, there is thirteen-year-old Hayley Mills in the title role, a youngster as natural and winning as a kitten. Her good spirits are infectious—believably so. And Disney was astute enough to realize that the better the actors who needed infecting, the more credible his Pollyanna would be. Jane Wyman, Agnes Moorehead, Nancy Olson, Adolphe Menjou, and Karl Malden are among the citizens who melt under Miss Mills's tender ministrations. Each of them turns in a strong, well-dimensioned characterization, with Malden, as the Reverend Ford, contributing a bit of virtuoso over-and-underplaying the like of which I have never seen equaled. Perhaps the major credit belongs to David Swift, who both adapted and directed the work—one suspects out of tender memories of his own childhood, when kids could still steal ice off a wagon and flatten a chain on a railroad track. But director, cast, and the entire Disney organization have worked together to produce a film that will delight the young and charm the oldsters. In short, a family picture.

"**Conspiracy of Hearts**," an English import, also makes a bid for the family trade by depicting the efforts of a group of Italian nuns to rescue Jewish children from a Nazi prison camp during World War II. The situation is handled with a minimum of horror and a maximum of sentimental appeal and sentimental humor—all a bit too calculated, a bit too pat. Each Sister's reaction is predictable, each Nazi officer is stock, and the sympathies generated by the situation itself are soon dissipated by a denouement that is both melodramatic and silly. Lilli Palmer, Sylvia Sims, and Yvonne Mitchell head the capable cast.

Oddly enough, even Brigitte Bardot turns up this month in a film that, give a little, take a little, is acceptable family fare. At least, she keeps her clothes on. "**Babette Goes to War**" is the French comedy that the Russians are said to have loved at the Moscow Film Festival last year. And small wonder. With all the ineptitudes of British, German, and French counterintelligence displayed here, the Russians can claim with a clear conscience that they won the war. Bardot, a French dimwit with a striking resemblance to the mistress of a Nazi general, is dropped behind the lines to act as a spy. She succeeds less through her own efforts than through the blunderings of a Gestapo leader, hilariously played by Francis Blanche. And whenever "Babette" succeeds as a comedy, it is due to the efforts of this same M. Blanche, a formidable comic with a style all his own.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT

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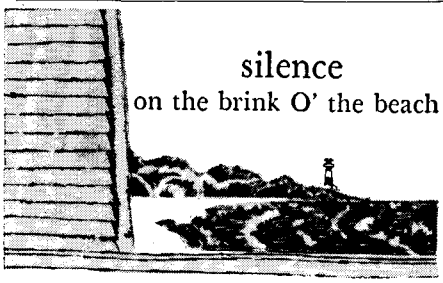

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Ballet Theatre at Twenty—Copland, Bennett

UNLIKE individuals, institutions may attain maturity at birth or shortly afterwards, then face a year-to-year struggle to retain the status so quickly achieved. With Ballet Theatre, now in its twentieth New York season at the Metropolitan, the problem has been less one of growth than of rebirth from year to year. Its present corps is almost wholly new, barely indoctrinated in the extensive repertory which is the company's proudest boast.

Ordinarily these would be matters of interest to its specialized public and well-wishers, to be evaluated and (if the results are not worth remembering) quietly forgotten. But the present weaknesses of the Ballet Theatre can hardly be kept secret for long. If domestic critics are loath to expose them, the foreign ones to whom they will shortly be exposed are not likely to be so charitable, especially those in the USSR where Ballet Theatre will soon be seen. Any single American company would be an unequal "exchange" for the Moiseyev, Beryozka, Bolshoi, and Georgian companies which have come here from there. In its present form, Ballet Theatre should be restricted to quarters, not exported.

In addition to its familiar specialties for Nora Kaye ("Pillar of Fire"), Alicia Alonso ("Giselle"), and Lupe Serrano ("Chopin Concerto"), the first week offered a treatment by the Swedish Birgit Cullberg of Henrik Ibsen's "Lady from the Sea." In this allegory of a woman who loves and loses a sailor, marries a widower with two children, and pines for the sea, only to discover, when the sailor returns, that all he represents is a flight from reality, Miss Cullberg shows the same gift for storytelling in movement that animated previous works. Some might complain that most of Ibsen has been excluded from the result, but Miss Cullberg has skillfully isolated the main points of the action, woven a strong if slender thread of story out of them.

Some of the action owes its origin to technics invented by others—Tudor primarily, and to a lesser degree Balanchine. Let it be said for Miss Cullberg, however, that she has unmistakable aptitude for her chosen work, and could conceivably produce a distinguished ballet, given a subject less episodic, more cumulative, in a dramatic way, than this one. Miss Serrano performed with much bodily strength if less magnetism the role of the "lady" Ellida, with Royes Fernandez as the sailor and Glen Tetley as the widower. His two children, danced by Elisabeth Carroll and Janie Barrow, were provided with some of Miss Cullberg's best characterized movement, livened by a welcome tinge of humor.

The work was danced exclusively by these five, save for the scene of Ellida's fanciful dream of the sea, in which the ensemble participated. The one set of the widower's "home" was fancifully painted on a net-like backdrop after a design by Kerstin Hedeby, who also conceived the suitable costumes. Denmark's Knudaage Riisager provided a score which served its supporting purpose faithfully, though it was all too plainly written to the measure of the movement. Also of interest during the week was the debut of Claude Bessy, a strong-limbed, good-looking ballerina of French schooling. Unfortunately she was restricted to a trivial treatment by Serge Lifar of Debussy's "Petite Suite," here titled "Pas et Lignes." Royes Fernandez was her partner.

Thanks to Leonard Bernstein's enterprise, Aaron Copland's "Second Hurricane" had a second chance for favor through a performance at a New York Philharmonic Young People's Concert in Carnegie Hall, which was televised nationally the following day on the Columbia TV network. Though somewhat condensed, the performance by gifted students of the New York High School of Music and Art under Bernstein's sparkling direction left little doubt that Copland's whole career took a new trend after this warm-hearted, outspoken "play-opera" of 1937. As noted then, it is remarkably singable, almost continuously melodic.

TV also afforded lively listening in the background score by Robert Russell Bennett for "Mark Twain's America" on the NBC TV network. There was an appropriate amount of atmospheric folk matter in the collage of sound organized by Bennett, but as Clemens's personality evolved into Twain, the score went imaginatively with him. For the background of a prairie scene, Bennett reached not for a sweet old-time Western tune, but for Beethoven's Minuet in G. Properly intoned on a mouth organ, it was even better than "Wagon Wheels." Later, Wagner's "Evening Star" on a mandolin struck a note of parody clearly related to the mood of the moment. With or without knowledge of these allusions, the score did its work consistently well.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

RETURN TO RUSSIA—I. In a Soviet Union Suit

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Horace Sutton, who in the winter of 1955-56 was the first American travel writer to enter the Soviet Union since before World War II, has visited the USSR twice since then—in January, 1959, and again this spring. In the following article, the first in a series on his latest trip, Mr. Sutton brings to SR's readers the first-hand impressions of a veteran international observer.*

Moscow.

THE NEXT TIME it turns nine o'clock at night make a mental note of it, then make a note again when it is nine o'clock the next morning. In that stretch of time one can transport one's person from New York to Moscow where, upon arrival, it will be five in the afternoon. Although I am getting too old for these aerial acrobatics, there is adventure at least in the heart. Sufficiently encouraged, I tried the trick the other night, landing in a heap at Vnukovo Airport in a state of mind and body that was a cross between exhaustion and exhilaration.

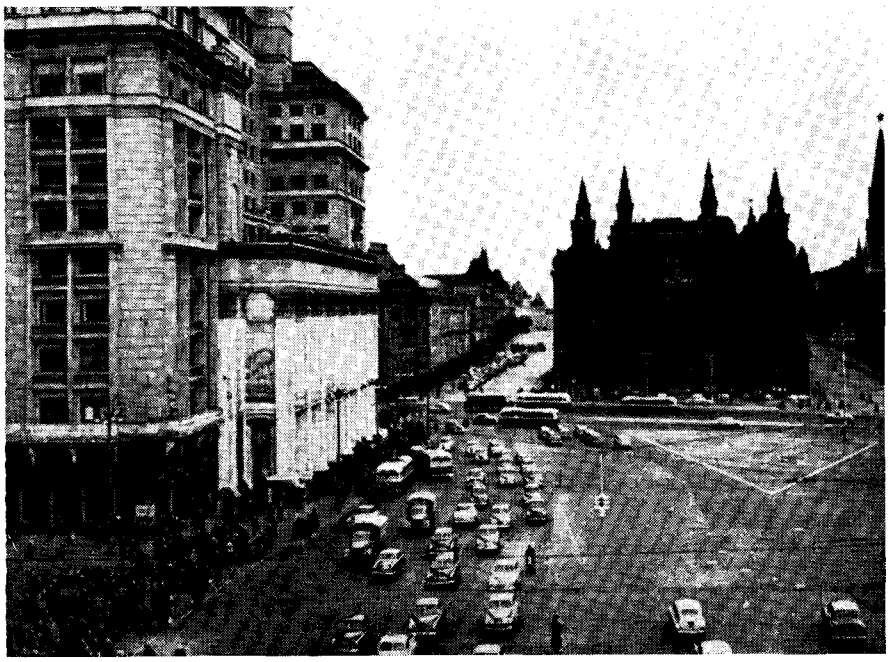
Our high-wire trick was the forerunner of a show that is now being performed every Wednesday by the aerialists of Sabena Belgian Airlines, who dispatch a Boeing 707 from Idlewild Airport at 8:30 P.M. (9:30 daylight time) on the specified night, land it in Brussels some six or seven hours later, and then fly on straightaway to the heart of Muscovy where, if it were the local custom to serve cocktails, it would be the cocktail hour.

Quite a bit has been written, indeed a full share of it by me, of the stratospheric crossings being effected these early days of the jet age. However, to get you into the spirit of the thing, I think I ought at least to say that at one point we were flying at what the pilot called "eighty per cent of Mach 1," which is to say, four-fifths as fast as the speed of sound—764 miles an hour. Having left Idlewild half an hour late—the tractor towing the aircraft to the runway broke down—we followed the Great Circle Route, passing over Nova Scotia before the hour of eleven, then over the American weather ship *Charlie*, the British weather ship *Juliet*, and onwards over Shannon, the Irish Sea, directly over London, past the cliffs at Dover, unseeable under a bedsheet of haze below. We came in over the Belgian coast between Dunkirk and Ostend and settled for a landing at Brussels when it was 3:25 in the morning in New York. It was then, of course, nearing half-past nine in the morning in Belgium, and the local citizenry, having slept snug in their own beds, were, I suspect, chipper and bright, and already at work. We had passed the night, as first-class passengers are required to do on transatlantic jet flights nowadays, drinking and eating, a procedure that requires three hours for dinner, leaving a scant two hours of rest before the lights are up, the music is on, and the stewards are on hand with breakfast.

There was a short pause at Brussels, after which the Belgian Boeing roared off again. Three hours later it came floating over Moscow at a tremendous height. Far below, the city lay bare. The curving river, the giant outline of Moscow University's main building, and the giant sports center in the Lenin Hills stood clear in the sunlight. Conditioned, after two trips here, to Russia's strict sense of security—until a short time ago there were no city maps available, no phone book, and certainly no picture-taking at an airport or from a plane—I could not escape the feeling that I was gazing on forbidden fields, like taking a sneak look at a volume of Casanova at the age of fourteen.

VNUKOVO Airport was a maze of Russian TU-104s, the two-motor jet transports used by Aeroflot. There were perhaps fifty of them lined up on the runways, not to mention half a dozen TU-114s, the enormous turboprop with four engines, each mounted with two counter-rotating propellers. Two faces from home were a Super Constellation and a Boeing 707 of the U.S.'s Military Air Transport Service. The landing procedure was a hopeless jumble of passengers, baggage, officials, and passport stampers. Out of it, somehow, we were sorted out, driven to town, and deposited at the Moskva, an enormous hotel near Red Square, built in 1935. Its lobby was about as homey as the central hall of New York's Grand Central Station, and the apartment in which I found myself installed would certainly have housed a Moscow family of six. It came complete with sitting room, twin beds and a short and long wave radio in the bedroom, and an office fitted with a desk, a conference table, and a special table for the three telephones, none of which I could hear from the bedroom located several leagues distant. Three steps led to a small balcony in the office, on which reposed a television set and a working ice box. Running around the apartment was a narrow terrace overlooking Okhotny Riad, the wild game market of czarist days, but the doors and double windows that would have led to it still sealed me in like an overprotected chrysalis in a winter cocoon.

As for the bath, it was like a faded *vedette*, equipped with the most luxurious appurtenances, but the victim of many face-liftings performed by bung-



Sovfoto

Moskva Hotel—from Manhattan, a mere twelve hours.

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A Time for High Tea

Photo by Ewing Krainin

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ling surgeons. The tile floor was a mixture of many awkward patches, but the bath towels hung from warming racks like the best of bourgeois Paris. The bathtub was tired from decades of standing on its iron feet, but there was a new plastic seat on the toilet. Technocracy has not yet invaded the paper industry, for there were neither rolls nor packs, merely hand-cut sheets of paper stacked in a box.

My beard was still growing on New York time, and five o'clock shadow had arrived on my tired jowls some eight hours earlier. It was while standing in T-shirt and shorts scraping it off that there came a quick knock on the door. A burly housemaid marched through the portal carrying my suitcase, which I had last deposited on the scales at Idlewild Airport in that other life, in that other world, left behind in the swirl of early dawns and midnight meals experienced at 80 per cent of Mach 1. "Minee-rahl-nee-va vah-dah," I said to her, enunciating from my Berlitz handbook, a halting petition for a bottle of mineral water. I wore the white mask of shaving cream and the uniform of the legions of BVD, but the lady turned not a hair. She held up one finger, and then two. It was a question that asked, "How many bottles?" "Dvah," I said, and sent her off for two. The last of the lawn was still being mowed when there was a new knock and a new face. This one belonged to a lady in street clothes, who surveyed the raiment as worn by the modern American male tourist while shaving, and broke into gales of laughter. She laughed so hard she grew weak and she leaned on the wall for support. "What is it you want?" she asked finally in English between the hiccough of titters.

"Two bottles of mineral water, please."

"Do you have money?"

"I have dollars."

"We don't need dollars."

"I will change the dollars and give you the rubles later."

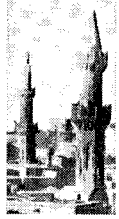
"No, I shall pay for you."

"Please, I insist upon paying myself and I will give you the rubles after dinner."

"I shall pay for you. It is my little joke."

I was somewhat surprised, when arriving at the door of the gargantuan dining room later, to find the lady of the laughter to be the maîtresse d'hotel.

We dined on solyanka, a huge soup thick as a stew pot, with flanks of meat, snips of sausage, and vegetables, and we followed it with cold sturgeon with sharp horseradish. Then for old time's sake we crossed Menège Square to the National Hotel for dessert. So much



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traffic, by Moscow's standards, had accumulated at this crossroads that an underground passageway has been built, and citizens are obliged, under penality of a fine, to use it.

The second-floor dining room of the National, with its picture windows looking out to the Kremlin, had been redecorated since my last visit here in January, 1959. It glowed with Western warmth, resounded to Western music, and was filled with Western journalists and young Russians. Silver buckets of champagne and Armenian brandy were on the tables. We talked

long after the music stopped at eleven and then drove off for a nightcap at the apartment of Osgood Caruthers, *The New York Times* correspondent who lives with his wife, a Siberian cat, and some handsome ikons in an enclave of Westerners. The corridors and entranceways were being repainted by the Russian authorities in advance of the arrival of the Eisenhower party, which will so surely, they anticipate, bring visitors to the flats of the Western journalists.

It was just before two in the morning when we headed back toward the Moskva. As a last inquisitive lark of a long and adventuresome day, we had the cab detour up to Red Square. There we stood alone in the vast shell and watched as the new guard came marching along the Kremlin wall. Led by an officer, two young soldiers in greatcoats turned in at the entrance to the mausoleum where Lenin and Stalin still lie in eerie state. The clock in the Kremlin tower bonged two and with a clatter of rifles and a stamping of boots the guard was changed. The old guard swung down the lane under the red stars that glowed in the spring night at the tip of the Kremlin towers. We got into the cab and headed for the hotel, turning back across the square where tomorrow the four-abreast line of those waiting to view the remains of the departed leaders would snake, long and black for blocks and blocks, like the queue that winds from the entrance to the Radio City Music Hall clear up to Fifth Avenue when it's Eastertime in New York.

—Horace Sutton.

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The Wild Red Yonder

WHILE Sabena is now flying direct, one-stop jet service from the United States to the Soviet Union using American Boeing jets, the rumor still persists that both U.S. and Russian flag carriers will soon begin service. According to a good Russian source, it will commence "not later than this fall." The Russians would undoubtedly prefer to use their mammoth TU-114, the plane that carried Khrushchev to the United States. It can make New York from Moscow nonstop in ten or eleven hours using its four enormous turboprop engines, each of them equipped with two four-bladed counter-rotating propellers.

This enormous airplane, which I had a chance to walk through, has a forward cabin that can seat forty-one, and a forty-eight-seat restaurant with tables for six. The seats in this flying dining car are not sold during the flight and are occupied only by diners. The restaurant is supplied from a double-deck galley fitted with a skylight. First class or de luxe passengers can shuttle over the seas in one of four private compartments with curtains, tables, and lamps. Each seats six by day and sleeps two by night. A rear cabin for tourist class has fifty-four seats, three on each side of the aisle. A special area for mothers and infant children is set aside between the compartments where special seats are provided for mothers, and the cribs hang from hooks on the bulkheads. Nursing mothers and squalling babies are thus screened and separated from the rest of the aircraft, a blessing for them and the other passengers too.

As there is only one TU-114 fitted out with this luxury configuration which was first displayed in small models at the Brussels Fair, air-minded observers who saw it then were inclined to dismiss it as some high-minded Communist dream. The plane, which has become a reality in the fashion which was promised at Brussels, is now flying between Moscow and Khabarovsk in Pacific Siberia. When it flies to New York it will carry 170 passengers on the proposed ten-hour nonstop flight. Said an Aeroflot executive; "We have been tested for noise at the Baltimore Friendship Airport. We have not heard the results. Perhaps it was favorable." —H.S.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

WHO? WHERE?

Helene Nitzsche of Maquoketa, Iowa, submits a group of titles of novels and names of authors and names of places, and asks you to assign the right authors and the right novels to the right settings. Key everything on column one. Compasses are readjusted on page 35.

(1)	Han Suyin	( )	"The Life and Death of Sylvia"	( )	Haiti
(2)	Yrjö Kokko	( )	"The Way of the Four Winds"	( )	Crete
(3)	Paul Bowles	( )	"The Cross of Baron Samedi"	( )	Nepal
(4)	Perez Goldos	( )	"That Uncertain Feeling"	( )	Lapland
(5)	Norman Lewis	( )	"The Sea and the Stone"	( )	Majorca
(6)	Edmund Keeley	( )	"The Mountain is Young"	( )	Zanzibar
(7)	Kingsley Amis	( )	"Spinners of the Dream"	( )	Salonika
(8)	Richard Dohrman	( )	"Justice of the Heart"	( )	Kalymnos
(9)	Paul Hyde Bonner	( )	"The Single Pilgrim"	( )	Rome, Italy
(10)	Kathryn Grondahl	( )	"The Spider's House"	( )	Madrid, Spain
(11)	John H. Secondari	( )	"The Conspirators"	( )	Siam (Thailand)
(12)	Frederic Prokosch	( )	"The Mango Season"	( )	Aberdacy, Wales
(13)	Nikos Kazantzakis	( )	"Zorba the Greek"	( )	Lisbon, Portugal
(14)	Edgar Mittelholzer	( )	"The Libation"	( )	Bangkok, Thailand
(15)	E. Arnot Robertson	( )	"Torment"	( )	Fez, French Morocco
(16)	Charmian Clift and George Johnston	( )	"SPQR"	( )	Georgetown, British Guiana

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In the Reflective Realm

"Philosophy and the Modern World," by Albert William Levi *(Indiana University Press. 591 pp. $7.50),* ***"The Golden Age of American Philosophy," edited by Charles Frankel*** *(Braziller. 534 pp. $7.50), and* ***"Wisdom of the West," by Bertrand Russell*** *(Doubleday. 313 pp. $12.50), between them cover the spectrum of Occidental thought—with varying degrees of penetration. Huston Smith, professor of philosophy at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, is editor and co-author of "The Search for America."*

By Huston Smith

TOGETHER these three books offer something to nearly everyone interested in philosophy. The qualification must be entered because none of them deals with Eastern thought. But within the Western world the reader can take his choice on a double continuum: of space-time coverage, and of intellectual depth. In coverage, Lord Russell's wide-angle lens offers a glimpse of the peaks of the entire range of Western philosophical thought, Professor Levi reduces the focus to the last sixty years, and Professor Frankel restricts it to the United States. Depthwise, "The Golden Age of American Philosophy" is intended primarily as a text, whereas no device has been omitted to make "Wisdom of the West," if not a best-seller, at least a book club prospect. In between lies "Philosophy and the Modern World." Yet "between" is not quite the word, for it exceeds the other two books in each of their opposite directions, being at once more scholarly than "The Golden Age" and more communicative than "Wisdom of the West." This is an achievement, and it deserves our primary attention.

The work of a professor at Washington University in St. Louis, "Philosophy and the Modern World" has scope, profundity, and grace — a somewhat encumbered grace, as I shall suggest in a moment, but grace nonetheless. After locating the problems of the twentieth century, first, in the multiplicity and division which have broken upon us through technology, and, second, in the contradictory heritages of rationalism and irrationalism that the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries respectively bequeathed to us, the author proceeds, in twelve chapters, to elaborate the solutions our prophets have proposed: "The Creativity of Man": Henri Bergson; "History and Destiny": Spengler and Toynbee; "The Inner Life": Freud and his followers; "Society in Distress": Lenin and Veblen; "Reason in Nature": Einstein and Planck; "Reason in Society": John Dewey; "The Passion for Logic": Russell and Carnap; "The Drama of Choice": Jaspers and Sartre; "The Lure of the Part": Moore and Wittgenstein; "The Vision of the Whole": Alfred North Whitehead.

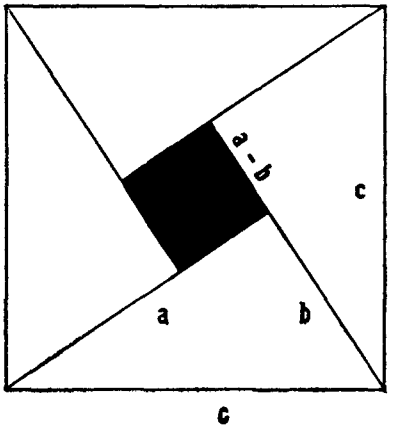
Upon reading the preface, I had the extraordinary sensation that I might be beginning a book which measured up to the Whitehead classic its title parallels. This expectation was not quite confirmed, as much because Professor Levi lacks Whitehead's stylistic control as from any disparity in thought. Excepting "Process and Reality," Whitehead's writing had a discipline which partook of mathematical elegance. Mr. Levi lacks this economy: where for Whitehead a line sufficed, Levi uses pages. This is especially the case in the first two chapters where comparison with "Science and the Modern World" and "Adventures of Ideas" suggests itself most naturally. But this is to measure the book against classics. If it falls short of them, it is nevertheless a splendid piece of work. I do not hesitate to call it the most interesting and informative general interpretation of twentieth-century philosophy that has been written.

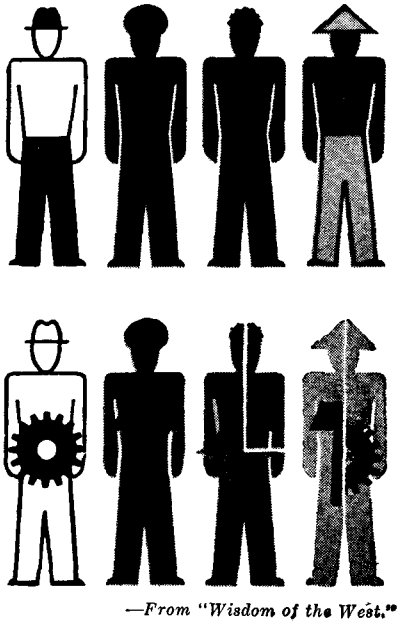
An anthology of writings by Peirce, James, Royce, Santayana, Dewey, and four somewhat lesser lights—Chauncey Wright, R. B. Perry, C. I. Lewis, and Morris Cohen—"The Golden Age of American Philosophy" makes no claim to the originality of Mr. Levi's work. Yet it is not a noncommittal compendium. It has a thesis; namely, that American philosophers of the golden age (1870-1930) not only took their place as full partners with the philosophical giants of other lands, but formed a distinctive school, united in style, in the issues they considered important, and (to a lesser degree) in the conclusions they reached.

This is the philosophical counterpart of Max Lerner's contention that America is a civilization, equally interesting to debate and difficult to prove; where Professor Frankel's selections appear to vindicate it, they do so in part because they have been chosen with an eye to that purpose. With regard to style, is it true that these American philosophers "spoke, not in the high official tones of so much nineteenth-century philosophy, but with the simplicity and directness of American manners at their best"? Royce could be as lordly as any European short of Hegel; Santayana was hardly as simple and direct as G. E. Moore; and the manners equivalent of Dewey's later

Right: A sample of O. Neurath's use of pictorial symbols to overcome problems of communication.

Below: $c^2=a^2+b^2$ the famous theorem of Pythagoras





—From "Wisdom of the West."

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prose is an image better unpursued. Similarly, with respect to themes, were Royce's and James's conceptions of philosophy more "frankly humanistic" than Bertrand Russell's; or were any of these Americans' "confidence in the power of the mind to make the world over" and opposition to "any belief that set limits to what the human mind and will could accomplish" greater than those of the Enlightenment or Romantic philosophers? Was Peirce more moralistic in his approach to philosophy than Plato or even Bosanquet and Bradley?

As the question is likely to degenerate into one of degree, and in any case does not impair the usefulness of the book's selections, it may be allowed to pass. The curious feature of the book is its omission of Whitehead. If immigrants like Santayana and Morris Cohen are to be included, why not one whose stature exceeds them both?

The simplest way to place Bertrand Russell's "Wisdom of the West" is to say that it stands midway between his "History of Western Philosophy" and Dagobert Runes's "Pictorial History of Philosophy" published last year. Like the latter, it is a production: big (letterhead folio size), studded with illustrations (500, half of them in full color), and expensive ($12.50). The illustrations — which include diagrams intended to convey ideas, as well as photographs of men, scenes, and art objects—are more successful from the esthetic than from the philosophical standpoint. They are remarkably handsome, but do little to facilitate the assimilation of thought or to re-enforce its retention.

RUSSELL credits his editor not only with assembling these illustrations, but with co-authorship of the text. This lends credence to a suspicion which early comes over the reader: that the book incarnates less Russell than his editor and publisher. No Nobel Prize would have been awarded this prose; in parts it reads as if passages of the author's "History of Western Philosophy" have been smelted down into Basic English to make them accessible to a mass public. There is no reason to disdain such efforts in principle; there are as good grounds for translation across levels of understanding as across languages. But translation is an art which has little intrinsically to do with mechanical devices like abbreviating sentences and inserting visual aids. The disappointing fact about "Wisdom of the West" is that its communicative art falls short of its visual. The result is a magnificently bound and generally beautiful volume which is less satisfying to read than to look at.

Our Moral Life

"Philosophy in the Mass Age," by George P. Grant *(Hill & Wang. 128 pp. $3.50), stimulates thought about who we are and where we are going. Sydney J. Harris is a syndicated newspaper columnist for the Chicago Daily News.*

By Sydney J. Harris

THIS is an unsatisfying book if one is looking for answers to fundamental questions; but it is a useful book if one is looking for the fundamental questions themselves.

What is the nature of man and his relation to history? Where does his true fulfillment lie? Are values created *by* us or *for* us? Is "progress" a meaningful term without an absolute goal to aim at?

In ancient and medieval times such questions were frequently debated, and not merely by professional philosophers or theologians. It may surprise some moderns to learn that Aquinas's "Summa Theologica" was written primarily for beginning students in their teens. Today only the specialist is willing to grapple with its dense, complex, and contrapuntal logical structure.

Professor Grant, who is chairman of the Department of Philosophy at Dalhousie University in Halifax, is nobly seeking to revive the languishing philosophic appetite in the public; this book, indeed, began as "an introduction to moral philosophy" for a general radio audience in Canada. It cannot, therefore, be judged as a rigorous work of sustained thinking, but rather as a popular and discursive examination of some of the basic problems and paradoxes in our contemporary moral life.

Unlike so many 400-page tracts which could easily be boiled down to one-tenth their length, this volume of little more than 100 pages contains enough suggestive material for a dozen books: within its brief compass it boldly attempts to deal with metaphysics, education, mass culture, industrialism, Marxism, the decline of the Protestant ethic, the relationship between law and freedom, and the limits of progress. A work so ambitious in scope is bound to be deficient in depth; and it is to Professor Grant's credit that he does not pretend to be making more than a gesture toward philosophic analysis. He is worried and confused—and his book asks us to share his concerns and to address ourselves to the ultimate problems of man's nature and destiny.

The author begins with a basic position, which he does not try to defend: that there exist principles of "right action" for human beings, that these principles can be known and acted upon, and that education is "the process by which a person comes to think clearly about the proper purposes of human life."

To this extent Professor Grant aligns himself with the rationalists and the upholders of "natural law," as against most modern schools of thought—the relativists, the pragmatists, the positivists, the materialists, all those who deny the existence of absolute truths and who affirm that man's values are made by himself and not "given" by God or by Nature.

In a real sense, no past or present "solution" of our difficulties satisfies the author. He dismisses both the Marxist and the capitalist world-views as inadequate to man's spiritual needs—the former because it turns Society into a god (with tyrannous consequences), and the latter because it turns the System into a god (with demoralizing consequences).

Nor does Professor Grant rest more easily within the traditional shelter of the Judaic-Christian outlook. Here also he finds two perversions: on the one hand, Protestantism has created the modern, secular culture which now threatens it by promising a heaven on earth through "material progress"; on the other hand, the more rigid and other-worldly aspects of Christianity tend to ignore the need for social and political reforms and to confirm men in their bland acceptance of the status quo. The crucial paragraph in his book seems to be this one:

> The truth of natural law is that man lives within an order which he did not make and to which he must subordinate his actions; the truth of the history-making spirit is that man is free to build a society which eliminates the evils of this world. Both these assertions seem true. The difficulty is to understand how they both can be thought together. Either alone is wholly unacceptable.

Almost all modern tendencies, as Mr. Grant sees them, violate one or the other of these truths. Religious fundamentalists stress God's law at the expense of man's freedom, while Utopian Marxists and Utopian capitalists stress man's freedom at the expense of God's law.

Professor Grant does not try to prove his thesis; he merely asserts it. As such, his book will be annoying to those whose prejudices are rubbed the wrong way; and especially to Roman Catholics, who will insist (with some justice) that his innocence of Catholic moral theology is a severe handicap in this lopsided presentation of Christian tendencies.

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Radical Road

Continued from page 19

egy of Alger Hiss and his lawyers was to defend themselves by destroying Chambers. When this failed there was nothing left.

De Toledano offers two amusing specimens of the humorless fanaticism that is often found in passionate partisans, Left as well as Right. Before the trial de Toledano had applied for an interview with Hiss through one of his lawyers, who replied that he could not expose Hiss to "red-baiters." "If Hiss is the anti-Communist you say he is," was the author's retort, "why should he be afraid of red-baiters?" He didn't get the interview.

On one occasion de Toledano's mother met a judge, who asked her whether her son "wrote that terrible book about Alger Hiss." "Yes," she replied, "have you read it?" "Of course not," replied the judge, "And I don't intend to."

"Lament for a Generation" is well worth reading on several counts: as a narrative of the making of a convinced, idealistic anti-Communist, as the personal record of one whose age-group placed him between the "lost" and the "beat" generations.

Mr. Bell reinforces some of the impressions one derives from Mr. de Toledano in a more impersonal style and with a greater weight of evidence. As he sees it, the old passions were spent among the intellectuals in the West at the end of the Fifties. He finds a deep, desperate, almost pathetic anger in the search for a "cause." One can find confirmation of this in the "angry young men" of Great Britain, the violence of whose wrath seems wildly out of proportion to the causes which provoke it.

The young intellectual, Mr. Bell feels, is unhappy because the "middle way," which is overwhelmingly predominant in the political, social, and intellectual life of the United States and Western Europe at the present time, is for the middle-aged. Youth is starved for certitude, for enthusiasm, for straight black-and-white, hero-and-villain situations.

Mr. Bell ranges over a wide field, discussing crime waves (he thinks the incidence of present-day crime is somewhat exaggerated), permanent elements in American character, the American cult of efficiency, the reasons for the failure of American Socialism. Although the book does not always escape traces of occupational dialect (the author is a professor of sociology, following a period as a journalist) Mr. Bell can write crisply and brilliantly on occasion. Here is how he presents the aftermath of the Thirties, heyday of America's radical ideology:

> In a few short years the excitement evaporated. The labor movement grew fat and bureaucratized. The political intellectuals became absorbed into the New Deal. The papier-mâché proletarian novelists went on to become Hollywood hacks.

Like Mr. de Toledano's more personal work, "The End of Ideology" contains interesting notes on the history of the American intellectual Left, pro-Communist and anti-Communist. And the author performs an excellent demolition job on the empty and pretentious theory of the "power elite," propounded by a fellow-sociologist, C. Wright Mills.

Both books pose the question: Whither from here? When one recalls in Mr. de Toledano's pages the silly and downright irrational fulminations of the fellow-travelers of the Thirties, the end of ideology does not seem altogether a matter for regret. But an attitude of cynical detachment, of idea vacuum, is not likely to be permanent.

Perhaps the ideal, as old as classic Greece, of self-development and self-improvement will again assert itself, despite Marxist and Freudian determinism. Old ideologies may be dead or discredited; but the very conditions which have made some old slogans seem stale and obsolete will generate new issues, new lines of division, in short, new ideologies.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 14, 2, 8, 7, 16, 1, 11, 15, 5, 3, 12, 10, 13, 6, 4, 9. Column Three should read: 8, 13, 1, 2, 11, 15, 6, 16, 9, 4, 5, 7, 12, 10, 3, 14.

Game of Profit

Continued from page 18

precedence over their interest as producers, along with stockholders who feel that their dividends do not quite make up for their increased living costs. It also takes in people, of any description, including farmers and small business men, who are sick and tired of labor-management clashes and the suffering, inconveniences, losses, and inflation they bring in their wake.

I have been unfair to Pei—partly because I think he has been less than fair to his own proposal. His arguments are more convincing than I have let on. I hope many people read this book and decide to be more intelligent consumers. Management will respond to this challenge; so will labor, I am convinced. I am in favor of anything and everything that makes us think more deeply about our "American way of life"—all of us.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 881

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 881 will be found in the next issue.

B PSBLETGO AGLC BLC

ETGWP KRLMKGWLKW

BSW BMMWPM RX LR

AWBL FBOTW.

OHABL BZZRPP

———

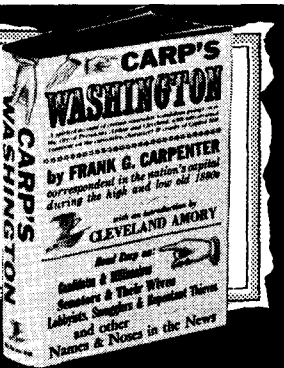
Answer to Literary Crypt No. 880

A highbrow is a person educated beyond his intelligence.

—BRANDER MATTHEWS.

Allen Drury, author of *Advise and Consent*, says of this book:

"A delightful and charming picture of the national capital in the eighties. Not only does it illuminate with a thousand human details a little-known period of our history, but it proves that the more Washington changes, the more it is the same thing – and that for those who love it, as Frank Carpenter obviously did, nothing is quite so fascinating as this fantastic, wonderful town."



CARP'S WASHINGTON FRANK G. CARPENTER'S

uproarious reports from the nation's capital, as fresh and funny today as they were when he wrote them 80 years ago for the *Cleveland Leader*. Introduction by CLEVELAND AMORY. $5.75, now at your bookstore. McGRAW-HILL

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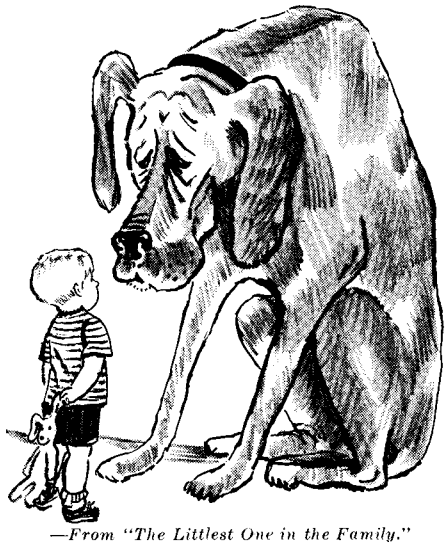

—*From "The Littlest One in the Family."*

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ALTHOUGH *SR* devotes generous space to juvenile reviews, so many books are published that not more than one in five can receive mention in these pages. Many of the titles reviewed here will also be mentioned elsewhere, while, for diverse reasons, other books of perhaps equal merit will receive no public notice beyond that provided by the doting publisher. But parents, librarians, teachers, and children are not entirely dependent upon the critics. They can and do discover for themselves enduring and significant qualities among the "unnoticed" titles.

Nevertheless, selection is at once the obligation, prerogative, and privilege of reviewers. Our own choices are based on the principle that the good juvenile, to be meaningful and enjoyable, must have literary excellence and be appropriate to children. It will also have integrity and genuine, rather than synthetic originality.

Along with books which meet these exacting criteria, we review others which are less successful, because the content is new or needed, or because a prominent author has, perhaps, failed to reach previous high standards. Sometimes illustrations warrant mention despite a weak text. Finally, we may consider books which are strikingly deficient if this enables us to articulate a positive standard against which other books may be judged.

Within the limits defined by our predilections, commitments, eccentricities, and beliefs, we join other reviewers in the sincere attempt to survey the juvenile field as widely as possible. But we know only too well the inevitable and hobering disparity between the number of books on our shelves and the number mentioned in print. Soberly, then, but with real pleasure in the variety and quality of this season's books for young people, we introduce a sampling of them in these pages.

—IRMA SIMONTON BLACK, BETTY MILES, JOAN WINSOR BLOS,
Publications Department,
Bank Street College of Education.

FOR THE NURSERY

WHOSE HAT IS THAT? *By Leonard Kessler. Illustrated by the author. Wonder. Unpaged.* 25¢. Hats for many roles—policeman, Indian, Daddy, birthday party guest—are gaily described and then shown on the heads of dressed-up children. Brisk words, jaunty pictures, and instructions for making a paper hat to march right off in. Ages 2-5.

I KNOW A FARM. *By Ethel Collier. Illustrated by Honoré Guilbeau. Scott. Unpaged.* $3. The point is that a little girl gets to know a farm in the course of quiet exploration on a pleasant day. The author's fine sense of prose rhythm does wonders with a controlled first-grade vocabulary. But the story, however artful, is extremely simple and as well suited to three-to-five-year-olds as to the beginning readers, for whom it is intended. Ages 2-8.

MR. CHARLIE'S FARM. *By Edith Thacher Hurd. Illustrated by Clement Hurd. Lippincott. Unpaged.* $2.50. The amiable gentleman who has appeared in other books by this reliable author-artist team stars now as a farmer. The text details his work (milking, baling hay, etc.) and his pleasures (pancakes for breakfast, a band concert on Saturday night) while two-color pictures impressed on yellow paper contribute to the warm, sunny, and somewhat naïve effect. Ages 3-5.

PLEASE PASS THE GRASS! *By Leone Adelson. Pictures by Roger Duvoisin. McKay. Unpaged.* $3. Exuberant rhyme and merry, summery pictures consider grass, from the viewpoints of children who roll in it, rabbits who nest in it, cows who eat it. Delightful proof of the incontrovertible thesis "Grass is the best place to have a good time upon!" Ages 3-6.

I LIKE ANIMALS. *By Dahlov Ipcar. Illustrated by the author. Knopf. Unpaged.* $2.95. Since many young children would heartily agree with the title statement, they are also likely to enjoy this practically complete book of animal pictures. Suitable

In addition to Irma Simonton Black, Joan Winsor Blos, and Betty Miles, reviewers for this issue include Claudia Lewis and Ruth Sonneborn of the faculty of the Bank Street College.

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groupings are shown in zoo, farm, and pet-store settings, and all are linked by a modest text which makes good use of the euphony of animal names. Ages 3-7.

UP HIGH AND DOWN LOW. *By Louis Slobodkin. Illustrated by the author. Macmillan. Unpaged.* $2.50. The couplets which contain this minimal adventure are thin, contrived, and unmusical. They seem unworthy of the author's talent and of the lovely pastel drawings he has provided for them. Ages 4-8.

THE ELEMENTARY YEARS

THE OLD WOMAN AND HER PIG. *Illustrated by Paul Galdone. Whittlesey House.* 32 *pp.* $2. Even the affection and warmth of the pictures do not very much soften the intensity of the old woman's fury by the time she gets to the "Rope, rope hang butcher" stage. Probably nothing could. However, for those who find it to their liking this edition will represent enhancement and that, perhaps, is sufficient accomplishment. Ages 5-8.

ONE FISH TWO FISH RED FISH BLUE FISH. *By Dr. Seuss. Illustrated by the author. Random House.* 63 *pp.* $1.95. "Funny things are everywhere. . ." begins the latest from Dr. Seuss, in perhaps the only understated remark in this easy-to-read but hard-to-fathom pastiche. Seven- and eight-year-olds may be pleased with the frantic humor of this book. But whether or not younger children will be enticed into reading by the picture of a huge hairy monster sparring with a tiny box and the rhyme "In yellow socks/ I box my gox/ I box in yellow/ Gox box sox" is any five-year-old's parents' guess. Ages 5-8.

INDY AND MR. LINCOLN. *By Natalia M. Belting. Illustrated by Leonard Everett Fisher. Holt. Unpaged.* $2.95. The dust jacket avers that this book was conceived as "a tale with a historical background which would be entertaining for the very young readers." The resultant story of a pet pig who meets up with Ann Rutledge in the course of a romp through New Salem and is ultimately rescued by Mr. Lincoln fulfills both requirements, and the book is handsomely illustrated besides. Ages 5-9.

THE PERFECT PANCAKE. *By Virginia Kahl. Illustrated by the author. Scribners. Unpaged.* $2.75.

This neatly rhymed story
Is quite as well done
As the pancakes described.
It amounts to good fun.

Ages 5-10.

TYPEWRITER TOWN. *By William Jay Smith. Illustrated by the author. Dutton.* 32 *pp.* $2.95. People, bats, and birds are this "towns'" only inhabitants, and their patterns of interaction, described in poems and pictured in typewritten drawings, are wildly atypical. A very special book that will be appreciated in homes where the typewriter is central and the humor more Zanesville than Middletown. Ages 5 up.

BEACHCOMBER BOY. *By Eleanor Frances Lattimore. Illustrated by the author. Morrow.* 124 *pp.* $2.50. This story by the author of the much loved "Little Pear" is a quiet, mildly suspenseful tale of family happenings at a South Carolina beach. It has the distinction of presenting for its hero a little boy who has not accomplished, by the end of the book, all he set out to do in the beginning. Ages 6-9.

THE FLUTE PLAYER OF BEPPU. *By Kathryn Gallant. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese. Coward-McCann. Unpaged.* $2.75. Sensitive telling and illustration give a quality of legend to this story of a Japanese boy and the flute player of his town, the music they love, and their eventual meeting. Not an adventure but a tale of fine quality. Ages 6-10.

—From "Danny's Pig."

TANNY. *By Nils Hogner. Illustrated by the author. Walck.* 48 *pp.* $2.75. Realistic animal stories are rare this season. But this straightforward account of a plausible relationship between a wild doe and a farm pony would be welcome any time. Oddly enough, the only part of the story that seems unlikely—when the deer is pursued by hunting dogs, she leaps into the hunt master's arms at the last desperate moment—describes a true event. Ages 6-10.

THE TIMID DRAGON. *By Lee Wyndham. Illustrated by Kurt Werth. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. Unpaged.* $2.75. Here is a potentially wonderful story: Amelia, an anxiety-ridden dragon reduced to lizard proportions by her fears, turns up in a contemporary setting and has her self-esteem restored by some well-adjusted American children. Unfortunately, in the latter half of the book the emphasis shifts from the fun of the fantasy to the salutary effects of the precept that "It is thinking brave that makes you grow." The taste of the pill has come through the sugar-coating. Ages 6-10.

LESTER AND HIS HOUND PUP. *By May Justus. Illustrated by Joan Balfour Payne. Hastings House.* 48 *pp.* $2.95. To the majority of children living in big cities or in towns, Lester's Cumberland mountains will seem as unfamiliar as an exotic Eastern land. The boy's story is simple and warm, filled with the special flavor of the region. It pictures a way of life that still can be found in this country but is fast disappearing. Ages 7-10.

THE PIPE ORGAN IN THE PARLOR. *By Lilla Stirling. Illustrated by Charles Geer. Nelson.* 95 *pp.* $2.95. The customs and celebrations some years ago of a Scottish community in Nova Scotia are interesting and charming, but the family whose lives are followed never comes fully alive. Moreover, there is a moralistic quality that youngsters may find unacceptable. Ages 7-10.

HOP-HIGH, THE GOAT. *By Laura Bannon. Illustrated by the author. Bobbs-Merrill.* 64 *pp.* $3.25. The happiness and troubles of a little Navaho girl, authentic and interesting details of the annual migration to the bottom of the canyon, the warm family relationships are all described in relation to a mischievous pet goat and his antics. Story and illustrations combine to make an excellent book. Ages 7-11.

NEW GUINEA FOLK-TALES. *By Brenda Hughes. Illustrated by Michael Brett. Roy.* 80 *pp.* $2. There is an unusual flavor in these simple folk-tales of a very primitive culture. The human figures are affable and friendly; most of the animals, ranging from cassowary to crocodile, are endowed with human and magical characteristics. However, this collection would have been enriched by some introductory material on the environment and culture of the Pacific Island peoples. Ages 9-12.

THE HOUSE WITH ROOTS. *By Barbara Willard. Watts. Illustrated by Robert Hodgson.* 183 *pp.* $2.95. Perhaps the denouement (a home threatened by a modern highway is saved when its basement is identified as the cellars of an ancient abbey) depends on the British locale. But the rest of this naturalistic story of a large and pleasant family is universal and appealing. Ages 9-12.

UNE DRÔLE DE SOUPE. *By Marcia Brown. Illustrated by the author. Translated by Hilda Grenier Tagliapietra. Scribners. Unpaged.* $2.75. This version of the thoroughly amusing old tale of the soldiers who offered to make stone soup, but needed a few garnishes such as cabbage, beef, carrots, potatoes, and other items was originally presented in English in 1947. It is one of an increasing number of foreign-language books for children. Used as a supplementary reader by boys and girls studying French, it should be a welcome relief from the usual, dry language text. Ages 9-13.

THE WORLD IN A CITY BLOCK. *By Natalie Hall. Illustrated by the author. Viking.* 42 *pp.* $2.50. In this well-written, beautifully illustrated book, two themes, one personal and the other social, are related with consumate skill to a New York street. One aspect of the story is the relationship between a nine-year-old boy and his adored older brother, who has just left for the Merchant Marine. (What achievement to develop full character for a figure not present in the story!) Another aspect is the great joy and variety in a non-homogeneous, truly cosmopolitan community. Since neither view dominates, a whole is created. Because the book is entirely for children and the language used is precise, effective, and evocative it is an example of the best of juvenile literature. Ages 6-10.

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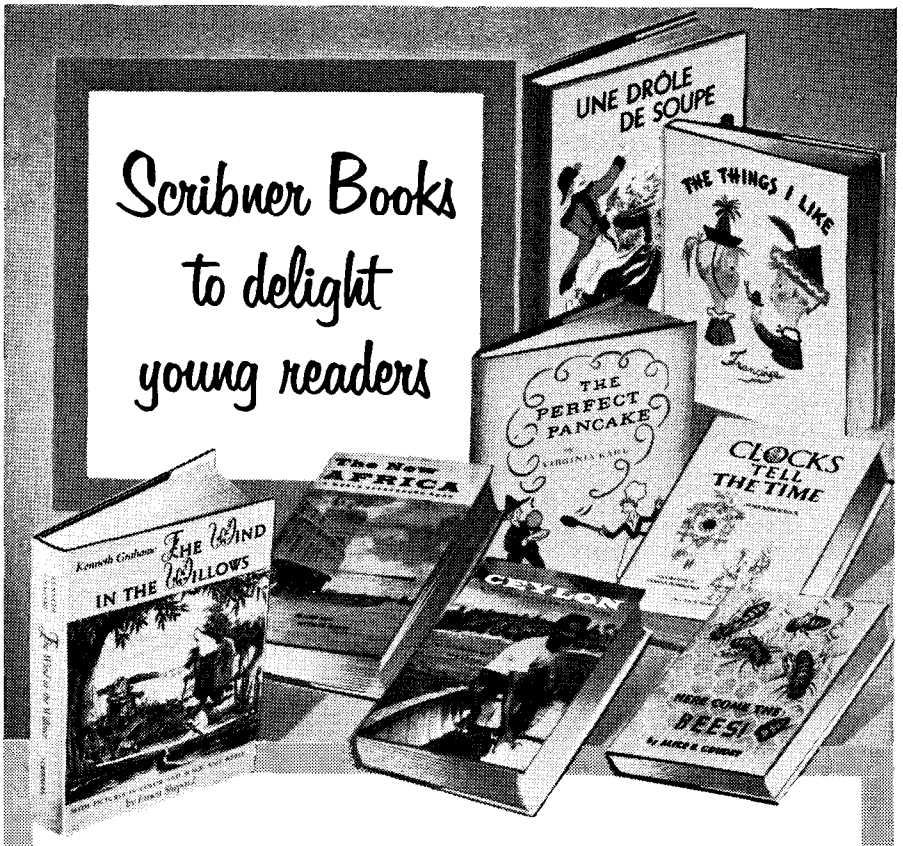
Pictures and Themes

OF THE 1960 picture books a fair number present themes and ideas of significance to young children. Some deal with topics of social or conceptual significance but attention here is directed to those that are concerned with psychological issues, such as nighttime fears, sibling rivalry, self-identity. With these books authors and editors seem to express a special faith in their medium and the hope of helping real children to overcome real worries. And surely there are some youngsters for whom each book will succeed. Still, it is good to note that not all are promoted with as much overconfidence as "**Bedtime for Frances**" (see review on page 40), whose dust-jacket declares, "Obviously human children will feel superior to Frances [a bear] . . . And when their bedtime comes they will be ready to get into bed and stay there." Maybe.

The most effective writers are those who approach their topics with the attitude of artists rather than mass therapists. Probably the best contribution of books for young children is the presentation of constructive vicarious experience. So whether such books as "**The Littlest One in the Family,**" by Lois Duncan, with its particularized answer (reviewed on page 40), will basically improve things for many last-born is questionable. Perhaps paradoxically, but without contradiction, the possibility to be hoped for is that something general in the way of reassurance, encouragement, or perspective will remain. This possibility is favored here since both text and illustrations make every effort to enlist the close identification of actual "littlest ones." Charlotte Zolotow's "**Big Brother,**" illustrated by Mary Chalmers (Harper. Unpaged. $1.95), offers a fuller story and a more general solution. Its chances for enjoyment are better, and if some big brothers and little sisters gain a modicum of insight into their own roles because of it, the book will have done good service.

"**Kate Can Skate,**" by Helen D. Olds and illustrated by Carol Beech (Knopf. Unpaged. $3), is for slightly older children and is also more subtle. The plot derives from a rather sophisticated view of the conflict between dependence and independence, as it relates to goal achievement. But the story is childlike, intelligent, unself-conscious, and sympathetic-with-a-twinkle.

Final comment goes to "**Danny's Pig,**" by Janice May Udry and illustrated by Marianna (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. Unpaged. $2.75), which is an entirely delightful story that would not belong in this group except that on its very



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by Virginia Kahl. Illustrated in 4 colors by the author. A light-hearted story in rhyme of a good wife who was tricked into being less stingy with her wonderful pancakes.
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by Alice Goudey. Illustrated in 2 and 3 colors by Garry MacKenzie. A chance to enter the amazing world of the honeybee and to watch bees at their task. Ages 6-10 $2.50

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by Marcia Brown. Illustrated in 2 colors by the author. *Stone Soup* now translated for children who already read some French. The English version is also available.
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CLOCKS TELL THE TIME

by Alma Kehoe Reck. Illustrated in color by Janina Domanska. An informal history of man's search for an accurate timepiece, from water clocks to atomic clocks.
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A World Background Book

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A World Background Book

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

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first page – and there only – it says, "Three little girls and one little brother . . . lived with their mother." No father. No equal number of boys and girls in this family. Just quiet recognition of the fact that although not everyone's life conforms to a stereotyped dream pattern a good time can be had by all.

—JOAN WINSOR BLOS.

SOCIAL GROWTH

THE LITTLEST ONE IN THE FAMILY. *By Lois Duncan. Illustrated by Suzanne K. Larsen. Dodd, Mead. Unpaged.* $3. While none would claim that the only help for a boy who dislikes being smallest is to have a new baby arrive or that that event will remedy all, the situation is nicely used in this pleasant story. The attempt to achieve a child's perspective seems to produce undue distortion in some of the illustrations but, by and large, they are clear, uncluttered, and homey. The expectant mother wears a frank maternity dress and this sort of realistic detail is as commendable as it is rare. Ages 3-5.

BLUE'S BROKEN HEART. *By Jean Merrill. Illustrated by Ronni Solbert. Whittlesey House. Unpaged.* $2.25. Many young children are seriously concerned about whether a broken heart actually shows a crack, about the identity (animal or human?) of a dog doctor, about the hurts of wild animals and who takes care of them. Since this book blithely combines these elements in arch but sentimental fantasy which does not really explain anything, it is more likely to puzzle than to entertain the young children for whom it is intended. Ages 4-8.

MY SWEDISH COUSINS. *By Astrid Lindgren. Photographs by Anna Riwkin-Brick. Macmillan. Unpaged.* $3. A highly recommended book! "When Bjorn was a very little boy he thought that Dalarna was *all* Sweden." When he is older, letters from six cousins who live in widely different, equally representative parts of the country help him and the reader to understand and appreciate the diversity contained within a national whole. Here is none of the unctuousness that mars many books about foreign countries. This is a felicitous collaboration in which the humor of the author, Astrid ("Pippi Longstocking") Lindgren finds complement in happy and expressive pictures by a well-known photographer of the world's children. Ages 4-10.

BEDTIME FOR FRANCES. *By Russell Hoban. Illustrated by Garth Williams. Harper. Unpaged.* $2.50. The exasperated humor of this book could only derive from actual parental experience, and no doubt parents will enjoy it. Children who have mastered their own nighttime fears will probably be vastly amused, too, since the very process of "getting it" implies their superiority to the child-bear (see quotation from dust jacket on page 39) and also to their younger selves. However, for children who are still in the grips of a struggle at bedtime the book is not likely to be either funny or helpful. For these youngsters the story may be real to a point of discomfort and entail the further risk of confirming or extending existent fantasies and concerns. Not a choice to be made lightly. Ages 5-8.

CORRIE AND THE YANKEE. *By Mimi Cooper Levy. Illustrated by Ernest Crichlow. Viking.* 189 *pp.* $3. Fast-paced story of a colored girl in the South who helped a young member of the Union Army to get back to his own lines. Though the author's intent is obviously worthy, she comes dangerously close to stereotypes in reverse. Ages 10-14.

LADDER TO THE SKY. *By Ruth Forbes Chandler. Illustrated by Harper Johnson. Abelard-Schuman.* 189 *pp.* $3. The hero of this book is a believable and likable boy with whom any child can identify. Though his problems are made greater because he is a colored youngster in a largely white community, formulas and stereotypes are blessedly missing. Ages 10-14.

MISS CHARITY COMES TO STAY. *By Alberta Wilson Constant. Illustrated by Louis Darling. Crowell.* 249 *pp.* $3. Here is a book full of zest and enthusiasm. The

Anatole, the mouse magnifique,

pays to read—especially

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NOSES ARE FOR ROSES

By PHOEBE. Illustrated in three colors and black and white by WILLIAM A. MCCAFFERY. What are you for? This is a book about you, your head, your eyes, your legs, your nose – all of you, from your head to your toes. You will see that you are for everything you can do. You are for love. $2.25

BLUE'S BROKEN HEART

By JEAN MERRILL. Illustrated in two colors and black and white by RONNI SOLBERT. How do you fix a broken heart? This is what a little dog named Blue wanted to know when he visited Dr. Thomas, the animal doctor. What the doctor does for Blue is the secret of his cure, and a wonderful cure it is. $2.25

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A Folk Tale. Pictures in three colors by PAUL GALDONE. Remember the old woman who went to market to buy a pig? Paul Galdone, who reintroduced Hawthorne's The Golden Touch presents another classic for children to love and enjoy. $2.00

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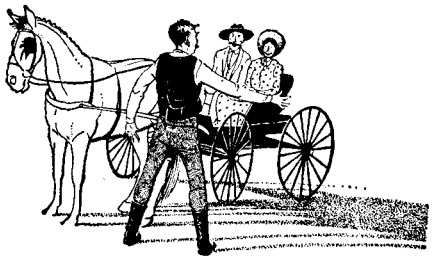

—*From "Miss Charity Comes to Stay."*

Cherokee Strip in Oklahoma is the locale, the turn of the century the time. The story, told in the direct, childlike, first-person style of a twelve-year-old girl, is the struggle of a small group of families to build houses, found a school, and get a schoolteacher. The incidents—sometimes very funny, sometimes near tragic—and distinct, carefully drawn characters combine to make this a book of high quality. Ages 10-16.

THE BRAVE AND THE FAIR: Stories of Courage and Romance. *Selected by Helen Ferris Winston.* 242 *pp.* $3.50. The eleven short pieces of fiction that comprise this anthology celebrate the different kinds of courage which colonial and pioneer women contributed to the development of our country. The authors included range from Dorothy Canfield to Hamlin Garland, and the selection provides a good introduction to their work. Ages 14 up.

PERSONAL HISTORY

CAPTAIN COOK: Pacific Explorer. *By Ronald Syme. Illustrated by William Stobbs. Morrow.* 96 *pp.* $2.75. A readable account of the redoubtable Captain Cook and his exploits. The book's rather understated style provides a welcome contrast to more flamboyant accounts, and the clear illustrations include a double-spread of the Pacific area showing the routes of the voyages. Ages 9-12.

CHARLES STEINMETZ. *By Henry Thomas. Illustrated by Charles Beck. Putnam* 126 *pp.* $2.50. This is a well-written story of a human being who rose above many difficult personal experiences to become one of the giants of today's science. A small, grotesque figure, hunchbacked from birth, he had a brilliant mind that worked overtime. It seems a pity that the author does not do more than name the discoveries and inventions of the scientist. Perhaps the electrical field, in which Steinmetz worked, is over the heads of young readers, but if this is so what would attract them to the biography? Ages 10-14.

THE WALLS OF WINDY TROY: A Biography of Heinrich Schliemann. *By Marjorie Braymer. Illustrated with photographs. Harcourt, Brace.* 100 *pp.* $2.50. The fulfillment of a childhood dream is an exciting theme for a reader of any age but especially so for a teen-ager. Heinrich Schliemann struggled through a deprived childhood and an impoverished adolescence to acquire the knowledge and wealth to achieve his goal. With a full purse and eight languages at his command he finally was able to sail to Greece to prove to a skeptical world that Homer's Troy and Mycenae had really existed. A fascinating account of a dream-driven man and his fabulous discoveries. Ages 12 up.

—*From "Charles Steinmetz."*

SHOTS WITHOUT GUNS. *By Sarah R. Riedman. Illustrated with 45 photographs. Rand McNally.* 232 *pp.* $3.50. Here are the heroes of medical science who discovered the world of bacteria and viruses and worked with dedication to conquer these killers. The author skilfully weaves into scenes of Pasteur, Koch, Ehrlich, Salk, and others at work glimpses of their personalities. Although the book will be of greatest interest to young people curious about medicine and research, the information is so fascinating that it will surely capture a wider audience. Ages 12 up.

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By JESSE STUART. Illustrated by ROBERT HENNEBERGER. "A good hound dog never forgets his master," Jim Richards warned his son, Mike. And you will see why this is true in Jesse Stuart's moving story about a boy and his dog. Ages 8-12 $2.50

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For teen-agers

YOUNG SCIENTIST TAKES A RIDE

By GEORGE BARR. Pictures by WILLIAM D. HAYES. In this third book of his popular Young Scientist group, the author guides his reader to the many natural and scientific observations that can be made in and around an automobile. Informal experiments. Clear, attractive illustrations. Ages 10 and up $3.00

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ISLAND OF THE BLUE DOLPHINS. *By Scott O'Dell. Houghton Mifflin.* 184 *pp.* $2.75. This book is a tour de force, but convincing and beautifully written. A fact-based tale of an Indian girl left alone on an island for eighteen years, it manages to have warmth and suspense. Ages 12 up.

OTHER CULTURES

THE ILLUSTRATED BOOK ABOUT AFRICA. *By Felix Sutton. Illustraed by H. B. Vestal. Grosset & Dunlap.* 101 *pp* $3.95. Lavishly illustrated, this study might almost be classified as a children's reference book. With stress on what is colorful and dramatic, it offers a brief outlook at some of Africa's most primitive tribes, the continent's flora and fauna, leading cities, arts and industries. The last two pages comment impartially on the political unrest of the present. A book of such beauty and color can hardly fail to attract youngsters and whet the appetite for more knowledge. Hopefully its readers will move on to books that offer more concentrated material. Ages 7-10.

PARANA: Boy of the Amazon. *By Francis Maziere. Photographs by Dominique Darbois. Adapted from the French. Follett.* 47 *pp* $2. **RIKKA AND RINDJI: Children of Bali.** *Story and photographs by Dominque Darbois. Adapted from the French. Follet.* 47 *pp.* $2. These two picture books, the work of a gifted photographer, make a unique contribution. Much more than purely informational, they bring the children of distant places into an immediate relation with the reader. The beauty and liveliness of Rikka and Rindji and the appeal of naked little shaggy-haired Parana will be appreciated at once by anyone who turns the pages. Ages 8-10.

GETTING TO KNOW NIGERIA. *By Sam Olden. Illustrated by Haris Petie. Coward-McCann.* 64 *pp.* $2.50. An excellent book for children who are just beginning to learn about the distant parts of the world. Its informal style and lively blue and charcoal drawings clearly aim to catch the reader's attention and stir his interest in a "warmhearted people." The book may appeal to slightly younger children than the comparable "Let's Visit West Africa," by John C. Caldwell, which offers a little more meat and less obvious charm. Ages 8-11.

—From "Getting to Know Nigeria."

—From "The Inca."

THE INCA: Indians of the Andes. *By Sonia Bleeker. Illustrated by Patricia Boodell. Morrow Junior Books.* 157 *pp.* $2.50. This brief factual account includes chapters of absorbing interest on the Inca Empire: the political structure, the technological achievements, the life cycle from birth to marriage, home life, crafts, ceremonies, and the fall to the Spaniards. The material is carefully organized and appropriately presented for young readers. Finely detailed black-and-white illustrations are in keeping with the simplicity of the author's style and purpose. Ages 8-12.

LET'S VISIT WEST AFRICA. *By John C. Caldwell. Illustrated with photographs. John Day.* 96 *pp.* $2.95. This addition to the Let's Visit series can be highly recommended. Though it is a small book, it presents a surprising amount of information about the people, geography, history, and current problems of this important area. Young people will appreciate the excellent map, the many photographs, and the author's clear, direct approach. Ages 8-12.

THE WORLD OF WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE. *By Hans Guggenheim. Illustrated by the author. Friendly House. Unpaged.* $2.50. What is the best way to present to children an unprejudiced point of view about racial and religious difference? The attempt in this disjointed picture book adds up to overstrained humor and the use of gimmicks that may only confuse and alienate the reader. However, since there are so few writers breaking any important ground in this direction today, one can but applaud this author's intentions and suggest that children give the book a try. Ages 8 up.

THE MISSING VIOLIN. *By Jean Bothwell. Illustrated by Artur Marokvia. Harcourt, Brace.* 187 *pp.* $3.25. A contrived family story which nevertheless takes on some interest and life when the scene changes from America to India, a land the author knows how to make vivid for the reader. The book's ethical overtones, unfortunately, do not emerge in a natural way from convincing characterizations, and for this reason seem a little obtrusive. Ages 10-14.

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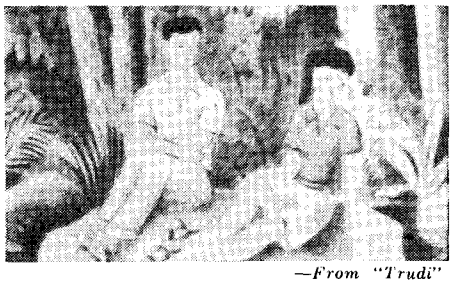
The Junior Novel

THE JUNIOR novel — hardy and omnipresent — is usually sharply differentiated as to masculine or feminine interests. Be the reason biological or cultural, girl stalks boy in girl-books, while boy stalks animal or human opponent in boy-books. Girls question themselves endlessly, boys act. One may assume that this stark and in some ways depressing picture of American teen-age culture is an accurate reflection of teen-age interests, if not realities. In any case, the rough-and-ready research of the marketplace has proved it convincingly.

Many of these books are expertly written. For the most part, however, junior novels are too full of formula and too heavy with mores and morality to be literature or to appeal to any audience other than the one to which they are directed.

Yet these books have a valid purpose, especially in the early adolescent years. The ten- to fourteen-year-old (who is generally agreed to be the audience for the typical teen-age book) is just coming to grips with the interests and problems of adolescence.



—From "Trudi"

The junior novel offers a kind of role-rehearsal: for the girl in dating, for the boy in sportsmanship and manliness, for both in appropriate career books.

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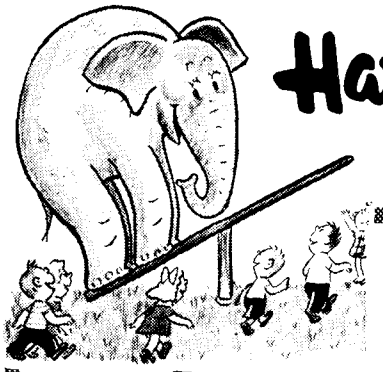
School-romance stories of approximately equal merit include **"Wake Up, Roberta,"** by Nancy Hartwell (Holt, $3); **"A Promise for Joyce,"** by Lois Kerry (Funk & Wagnalls, $2.95); **"Freshman at Large,"** by Pearl Bucklen Bentel (Longmans, $2.95); **"Jean and Johnny,"** by Beverly Cleary (Morrow, $2.95); **"The Special Year,"** by Laura



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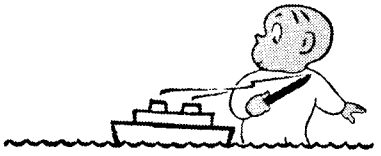

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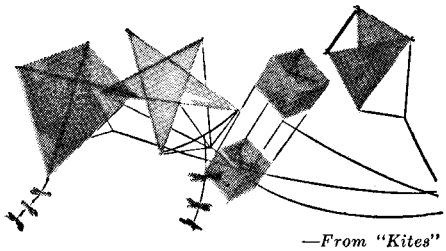
Nelson Baker (Knopf, $2.95); **"Now That I'm Sixteen,"** by Margaret Maze Craig (Crowell, $2.75); **"A Bright Star Falls,"** by Lenora Mattingly Weber (Crowell, $3).

In the following books boys will find authentic locale as a backdrop for fast-paced action: the Canadian Northwest in **"Tenderfoot Trapper,"** by Arthur Catherall (Criterion, $3.25); a ranch in Wyoming in **"Tall in the Saddle,"** by Shannon Garst (Hastings House, $3); Lassen Volcanic National Park in **"Mountain of Fire,"** by Jack Steffan (John Day, $3.50); Everglades National Park in **"Alligator Crossing,"** by Marjory Stoneman Douglas (John Day, $3.50); a western Canadian farm in **"Younger Brother,"** by Gwen Pharis Ringwood (Longmans, $3.50). This last and **"Trudi"** are especially deserving of mention as sensitively written books.

"The Coach Nobody Liked," by John F. Carson (Farrar, Strauss, & Cudahy, $2.95); **"The Last Putout,"** by Wilfred McCormick (Putnam, $2.75); **"Breakaway Back,"** by Philip Harkins (Morrow, $2.95), are typical sports stories, with the characteristic tension and overwhelming team spirit that accompany basketball, baseball, and football, in that order.

—Irma Simonton Black.

How To Do It

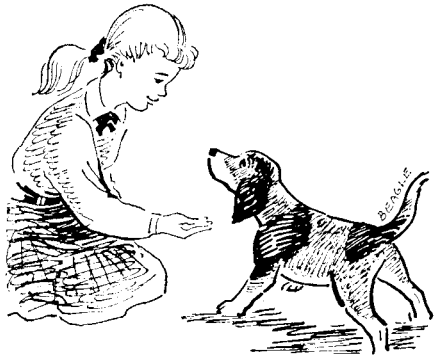


—From "Kites"

UNLIKE their parents, American children have so far been spared literature on how to make millions from real estate in their spare time, but advice on such disparate subjects as dog care, ballet, popularity, and electricity are readily available and for a field guide to practically everything else, Ruth Krauss's **"How to Make an Earthquake"** (Harper, $1.75), though first published in 1954, is still the last word.

In general, how-to books for younger children tend to cover fairly specific topics, while those for adolescents are likely to reflect adult concerns in more emotion-laden (and better-selling) areas: Norman Vincent Peale's **"The Power of Positive Thinking for Young People"** (Prentice-Hall, $2.95) went into its fifth printing in February of this year, and Pat Boone's **"Twixt Twelve and Twenty"** (Prentice-Hall, $2.95) is currently a runaway best-seller.

It is impossible to damn or praise the juvenile how-to's categorically. Hoping that "ought-to" proddings of fond relatives are not behind the purchase, one must take into account the motivation of the reader, along with the author's qualifications both in knowledge of a subject and skill at exposition and direction—qualities less frequently found in the same person than is popularly supposed. Subject-matter is no index to quality; the most esoteric topic may be vitally interesting to *somebody*. In choosing a how-to book, it may be helpful to consider whether the particular competence it promises is likely to be achievable at all. Losing fifty pounds, becoming popular, and thinking positively are activities that can probably be stimulated, but certainly not guaranteed, as the result of curling up with a good book. Nor can electric submarines be constructed by a small child unless he has a parent willing to purchase essential tools and equipment, follow complicated directions and diagrams, and get all stuck up with plastic glue.



—From "An ABC of Dog Care."

Of course, not all grown-up readers of how-to books intend to follow through to expertise and youngsters who will never own a horse may revel in equestrian manuals. A city child may enjoy pointers on camping out. Such vicarious fulfillment underlies much of today's reading, and is not undesirable unless dreaming totally displaces the possibility of *doing* in more realistic areas.

But there are many children for whom careful work is a challenge, and accomplishment a delight. Young readers may find real dignity in learning all they can about a particular topic, following step-by-step directions slowly and painstakingly, and achieving a concrete result. Children do want to know *how*. And it is quite probable that good books can help them learn.

—Betty Miles.

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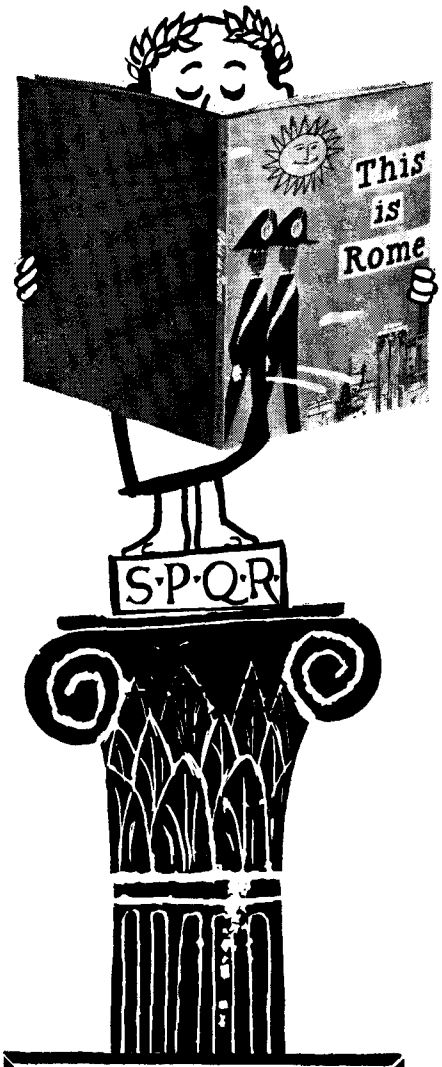

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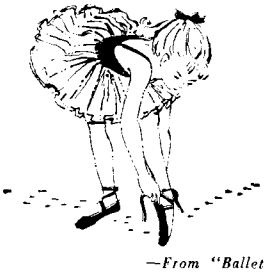
AN ABC OF DOG CARE. *By Charlotte Baker. Illustrated by the author. McKay.* 120 *pp.* $2.75. Lots of information for the young owner. But parents in search of quick answers might prefer an indexed book to the more meditative arrangement from "A is for acquaintance" to "Z is for zest." Ages 8-11.

YOUR BACKYARD CIRCUS. *By Dic Gardner. Illustrated by the author. John Day.* 128 *pp.* $3. A fine combination of circus jargon and trade secrets with directions to help the rankest amateurs put on a professional show. Index and bibliography. Ages 8-12.

KITES. *By Larry Kettlekamp. Illustrated by the author. Morrow.* 48 *pp.* $2.75. How to make a basic kite and many interesting variations. The directions are probably beyond those children and parents who have trouble enough putting together precut dime-store kites. Ages 7-11.

BALLET FOR YOU. *By Lee Wyndham. Illustrated by Catherine Scholz. Grosset & Dunlap.* 68 *pp.* $1.95. This book does not pretend to substitute for dancing school, but offers steps a girl can practise for fun, along with ballet lore for better understanding of performed dance. Ages 7-11.



—From "Ballet for You."

CAMPING AND OUTDOOR FUN. *By Major Mauno A. Lindholm. Illustrated by Justin Pearson. Hart.* 192 *pp.* $1.50. A well-indexed paper handbook for outdoor activities. Good for family reference. Ages 8 up.

FUN WITH SPANISH. *By Lee Cooper. Illustrated by Ann Atene. Little, Brown.* 118 *pp.* $3. An entertaining first book of Spanish for children in elementary or junior high school. The book could be fun for a child whose parents know Spanish or who has already been introduced at home or in school to the pronunciation and cadence of the language. Ages 9-13.

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—*From "The Perfect Pancake."*

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HERE'S TO YOU, MISS TEEN. *By Mary Sue Miller. Illustrated by lali. Winston.* 233 *pp.* $3.95. This "guide to good grooming and poise" is written in the breezy, informal style one would think teen-agers get enough of. But it is probable that many girls feel a sense of security in knowing that detailed advice on a thousand tiny problems of looks and behavior is available. Indexed. Ages 13-17.

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Candidates

Continued from page 13

that he had to make tough speeches, or he never would have been noticed at all. Time has matured him and made him more moderate. Yet the image of the brash, cocky, somewhat "slick" young liberal, with all the "right" attitudes on housing, Taft-Hartley, civil rights, and crop surpluses, still remains. Mrs. Roosevelt has mentioned his "spark of greatness"; his biographer compares him to La Guardia, Bryan, and even to FDR. Somehow, he still comes through more as an idea than as a man. Amrine speaks of his having lived the American dream. Is it the present American dream? Humphrey's is the America of the small town, of "us farmers," as he puts it, of "folks" who know each other as neighbors, not separated as audience and speaker by a glimmering television screen.

If liberalism is the prevailing theme of the Humphrey biography, then courage is the keynote of the Kennedy biographies, including the latest, "The Remarkable Kennedys." Nor is this physical courage alone, although McCarthy pays due attention to Kennedy's genuine heroism in the Pacific. Almost equally dramatic is the future Senator's ten-year battle against illness and pain, climaxed by his first campaign for the Senate, when he was running a high fever and was on crutches except during platform appearances. Then came his battle for life after surgery; twice he almost went under; but "Jack's always been a fighter," his father is quoted as saying.

MORAL courage must match physical endeavor. Kennedy, like the heroes of his own best-selling "Profiles in Courage," flouted his constituents; in fact, defied all New England in his support of the controversial St. Lawrence Seaway, and the whole Massachusetts Democratic Congressional delegation when he refused to sign a petition to release Boston's legendary old Mayor James Michael Curley from jail. He let an unneeded veterans' hospital be closed down in Waltham; he fought an American Legion pension bill. He endorsed civil rights in Jackson, Mississippi, at the height of the Little Rock crisis. He even became known as the "suicide Senator" when his support of President Eisenhower's flexible farm supports program helped cost him—as was predicted—second place on the Democratic ticket in 1956.

Courage and fight dominate the biographical image of Kennedy, and drive and controversy are almost equally evident in the current portraits of

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Nixon. Even more important, however, is the image of the traditional old-fashioned candidate, which emerges especially from Kornitzer's book. Here, detail by detail, line by line, is the "ideal citizen of the Republic," with all the time-honored virtues. Here is the early American background, Scotch-Irish, with a dash of English and German; Nixon is even a kinsman of the heroic Revolutionary general, Anthony Wayne. He is a "birthright Quaker," and in the little town of Whittier, California, he assisted his parents in their small grocery store.

In his "relentless drive to the top," he had "to work very hard" for whatever he got, Kornitzer writes. To earn one dollar, he would toil twelve hours a day in the field, picking beans. He worked his way through high school, college, and law school, wearing the same expression of drive and determination that he has today. He financed his first campaign for Congress by his poker winnings in the United States Navy; this was "the sole financial foundation" of one of the most controversial careers in current political annals. "That Richard Nixon is controversial" both biographers agree; "debate has raged" around him.

He has been anathema to the liberals, who, he charges, have had to suppress much of his record on foreign aid, rent control, and civil liberties because he would look too good. Even solid facts about him are challenged if they deviate "from the pat image." He's the "black reactionary" who "smeared" Alger Hiss and the liberal who thinks we should teach Communism in the public schools, because "Communism can only be combatted by understanding." He can say: "We believe in human welfare, but not the welfare state." He has been charged—erroneously—with being anti-Semitic; yet his two current biographers are Jewish, and Yeshiva University gave him the doctor of laws degree, which Duke denied its best-known alumnus. His dedication to civil rights arises out of his Quaker inheritance; and he calls for a counter-faith to balance Communism, based "not on materialism, but a recognition of God."

Contradictions are nothing unusual in the records of political candidates. What renders Nixon suspect is that although the facts of his life conform to the traditional image, his personality does not; there is nothing of the hand-shaking good fellow about him. Making friends has come as hard to him as everything else; he would rather go fishing alone. Like the austere "inner-directed" candidates of an earlier day, he would rather be admired than liked; nor does he seem in the least disturbed by either the potency or the numbers of the enemies he has made. All this is a perverse deviation from the great American ideal of "togetherness." Nixon is a withdrawn, intense, and complicated man, and all the force of his bottled-up emotion has been channeled into his political drive. As Kornitzer admits, "From early youth, his drive and ambition were almost compulsive."

Here, indeed, is where he is most controversial, why one voter asserts that he will make our greatest American President, and another plans to move to Switzerland if Nixon is elected. Voters generally agree that personal ambition is the least desirable quality a candidate can have. (Yet, conversely, Adlai Stevenson is suspect because of his doubts about his ambitions and capacities for Presidential office.) As for Nixon, voters have described him (not in the campaign biographies) as "a ruthless man with a burning ambition . . . so much the politician that you can't see the man . . . you couldn't trust him behind closed doors," etc., etc. To an extent, the same fear colors the popular concept of Lyndon Johnson, the silent candidate, who is alleged to have already selected his Cabinet.

ALL this is unfair, both to Nixon and Johnson. Hubert Humphrey's biographer admits that almost since he has been a freshman Senator, Humphrey's long-range view has been of the Presidency. The ruthlessness in Kennedy's makeup is no secret to those who know him; his description of the "tremendous drive" and "amazing intensity" of his legendary older brother has often been applied to the Junior Senator from Massachusetts.

Biographer Joe McCarthy tells of the Senator's father, the tremendously formidable, slightly sinister "Old Joe," perhaps the shrewdest Wall Street operator since Bernard Baruch's time. In New York, after seven weeks of stock juggling and speculation, he looked up to announce that he really should go back to Boston; he had a new month-old daughter and he had not even seen her! Senator Kennedy's young wife, Jacqueline, admitted recently that if she wanted any time with her husband, she had to accompany him on his eighteen-hour-a-day campaign trips. As the Senator put it, he is committed to his goals, and she is committed to him. Obviously, Kennedy's drive, no less than Nixon's, is near-compulsive, but whether it is a reflection of his own ambitions or those of "the Ambassador," it would be hard to say. Not that Kennedy is father-dominated, either philosophically or politically. There can, however, be a kind of negative dominance in the case of authority figures. Those who fear the influence upon Kennedy of the Holy Father in Rome might be better advised to look to the father in Hyannisport.

The irony in all this is that the impact of Nixon's drive comes through to the voters, and Kennedy's does not. "Those who hate Nixon most are those who know him least," de Toledano observed. A mutual friend and admirer of both Kennedy and Nixon found Nixon, on a social basis, to be the warmer and more likable of the two. But the truth has nothing to do with the concepts the voters hold. Polls show an appalling ignorance on the part of a large majority of the electorate. The campaign biographies could, at least, correct the facts. But the best-seller lists are clear evidence that the reading public is far more interested in Errol Flynn's "My Wicked, Wicked Ways" than in the qualifications of the man who may be our next President.

The biographies are still valid, however, in showing the changes in the traditional image of the ideal candidate. Take, for instance, humor, a characteristic traditionally thought to be as unsuitable for Presidential aspirants as for undertakers. Adlai Stevenson attributed his defeat to "the Republican law of gravity." But there is a difference between wit and humor. Among Democrats at least, Franklin Roosevelt's sarcasm, Truman's earthiness, Alben Barkley's tall stories, Humphrey's broad jokes, and the folksy humor with which Kennedy brought the dying Al Smith dinner alive last October have high favor.

Take intellectuality. It is no accident that every front-runner is a college man. Hubert Humphrey has been a university instructor; Jack Kennedy, a *magna cum laude* Harvard graduate, is the author of three books. Humphrey won a Phi Beta Kappa key, and Nixon has waded through Tolstoy and ten volumes of Toynbee. One thing is certain: There *is* a new look in the image of the ideal candidate, and the more penetrating of the campaign biographies reflect this. Three factors would seem to be responsible: prosperity, mobility, and television.

Widespread affluence has brought about an upgrading of the electorate educationally, and a consequent upgrading of the candidates. "Going to college" is now not only an ideal but a "natural right" like public education. Unfortunately, the respect for education has grown only as its standards have been lowered to meet the demands of the masses, clamoring for the status symbol of the college diploma. A signed certificate from a diploma shop is no guarantee of intellectual achievement, even if it is a passport to the country club. Nevertheless, with education an ideal, the educated candi-

Approved For Release 2005/08/22 : CIA-RDP67B00446R000100020001-6
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date is also the ideal. And with rising prosperity, the heir to inherited wealth is no longer suspect. Men like Kennedy and Rockefeller can "afford" to have principles.

The shifting, unsettled suburban population, engulfing our small towns today, looks with suspicion on the man whose family has lived in one county for 300 years. Why didn't he have initiative enough to get up and go? They look with envy upon Rockefeller's five houses, upon Kennedy's restless moves from his three-room apartment "residence" in Boston, to his cottage at Hyannisport, to his beautifully appointed dwelling in Georgetown, to his father's winter place at Palm Beach. His rootlessness is symbolic of their rootlessness. His identification with the jazzy "Newport set" is symbolic of their yen for the country-club set. In a prosperous, rootless America, new yardsticks have been found to measure the "ideal citizen." A new image is emerging with which to identify.

This process is at work on all levels of government and in all strata of society. In Kennedy's Massachusetts, for instance, newpapers record a rising series of defeats or near-defeats of qualified, veteran town officials. Suburban newcomers, often completely inexperienced, are winning the votes, not only of their own class, but of climbers seeking social acceptance. In the recent Wisconsin primary, it was evident that Kennedy's air of glamour, of Harvard, of the sophisticated world outside, delighted audiences even in the factory districts. This new hero-worship of new-born "aristocracy" like the Rockefellers and the Kennedys may well mean a totally new concept of the "ideal citizen."

Television has been the factor here. It elected Kennedy to the Senate; it saved Nixon from the pitfalls of the Nixon fund. It accounted for the meteoric rise of Nelson Rockefeller and for his tremendous future potential. Rockefeller was a candidate for the Presidency before he had performed one act as Governor of New York to demonstrate his fitness for executive office. He had a photogenic grin, a talkagenic nickname, and the new Ivy League look so worshipped by suburbia. Is this the new image of an American President? Is Nixon's "type of man" —or Humphrey's or Johnson's—still what the people want? Whether candidates of the traditional American background can still become President will depend, as it always has, on one unchanging factor. The President of the United States will be the kind of man with whom the vast American public seeks to identify, their image of "the ideal citizen of the Republic."

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GUATEMALA. Idyllic hilltop home, guest cottage, beautifully furnished. 4 bedrooms. On breath-taking Lake Atitlan. $300 monthly includes servants, motorboat. May-October. Box L-804.

NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND. Furnished sublet. 2 bedrooms, nursery. Near beaches. Shady lawn. Season/part. Reasonable. LEhigh 4-3403 NYC, Box L-793.

ARTIST'S HOME, all conveniences, privacy, acreage, mountain view. Two hours NYC. July-Labor Day. COlumbus 5-1084 NYC.

BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY HOUSE, Dorset, Vermont. Attractive grounds, swimming pool maintained. Seasonally or annually. Box L-158.

PEEKSKILL, NEW YORK. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, near lake. $1,000. Call PEekskill 7-3433, Box L-821.

FAMOUS MODERN HOUSE, Somes Sound, Mt. Desert, Maine. Large living music room, 5 bedrooms, 5 baths, all facing magnificent view. Splendid swimming, boat anchorage. Extreme privacy, ideal living conditions. TEmpleton 8-5073, write C. F. Thomas, 111 East 60th, New York 22.

NEW HAMPSHIRE lakeside isolated cabin for two. Plumbing, boat. Hanover 20 miles. June 15th-August 15th, $550. ACademy 2-9526 NYC, Box L-837.

NEAR TANGLEWOOD on Lake Buel—Great Barrington, Massachusetts. 3 bedroom, modern cottage. Season or month. WAlker 5-9184 NYC.

6 ROOM COTTAGE, modern conveniences. Indian Point, Lake Bomoseen, Vermont. Box L-878.

ORLEANS, CAPE COD. 3 bedroom waterfront cottage available for August. Write Mrs. George Walter, Christiana, Pennsylvania.

ARTISTS' RETREAT—80 miles Chicago. Furnished, new, modern cabin. 50 acres woods. Lake. Summer. Folk Valley, Route 2, Marseilles, Illinois.

JULY—Architect's charming Northern Vermont farmhouse. 6 bedrooms, 3 baths, books, piano, canoe, garden. Box L-871.

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ESTATE PRIVACY WITH APARTMENT CONVENIENCES. As permanent home for retired person or couple. Or as week-end retreat and vacation spot for professional, executive or childless couple. Huge barn apartment on 90 acre Bucks County estate, 80 miles from Times Square and 40 miles from central Philadelphia. Completely furnished or unfurnished. Unlimited storage space and 4 closets. Southerly picture window and 6 side windows. Oil heat with thermostatic control. Complete kitchen with electric refrigerator and range. Complete toilet with shower. Unlimited supply hot water. Separate entrance. Room for car storage summer and winter. On annual lease to responsible, self-reliant, compatible principals only. Rent $2,600 payable quarterly in advance. Includes heat, electricity, water, car storage and local phone service. Address personal and financial references to Box L-376.

For Rent—Furnished

FOR A SUMMER IN NEW YORK CITY try our lovely East Side Town House with its shady garden, 9 rooms, 5 baths, equipped and air-conditioned. Available June to mid-September. Box L-815.

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GREENWICH VILLAGE, GAY STREET. Beautifully furnished 3½ room basement garden apartment, June through August. Asking $200. Box L-708.

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CALIFORNIA OCEAN-VIEW, Point Buchon, furnished double, lease $100 monthly. Box L-852.

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VACATIONS

BIRCHWOOD INN—the inn with a personality. Excellent continental cuisine. Write your hostess, Charlotte Wagner, Lenox, Massachusetts.

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EGGEMOGGIN, THE RESORT FOR ALL THE FAMILY. Private island in Casco Bay, Maine. Seclusion, relaxation, recreation, boat trips, fine food. Special children's rates. Booklet. O.S. Yale, Box 27, Yarmouth, Maine.

CAREER WOMEN—Studio Barn overlooking Cape Cod Bay. Loaf, paint. Box 26, East Sandwich, Massachusetts.

OGUNQUIT. AAA. Relax by the sea at one of New England's foremost and largest resort hotels. Beautiful grounds, lovely gardens. Exceptional meals. June to September. Lookout Hotel, Ogunquit 21, Maine.

PISGAH FOREST INN. Mountain-top rustic inn, forest-game preserve. Foot trails, beautiful laurel, rhododendron. Log fires, delicious food, friendly hosts. Restful, invigorating. May through October. Box 433, Route 1, Candler, North Carolina.

ARTISTS, WRITERS, THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE find relaxation in quiet CAPE COD seaport village. Beautiful harbor view, beach, shore drives. Theatres accessible. Write for booklet. BREAKWATER HOTEL, Woods Hole, Massachusetts.

WATERVILLE INN—Complete mountain resort in secluded Waterville Valley, surrounded by White Mountain National Forest. For nearly a century a resort unchanged in its essential character. Comfortable inn, private golf course, swimming pool, tennis court, miles of walking and climbing trails. Write for color folder. Advance reservations requested. Waterville Valley, Campton P.O., New Hampshire.

NANTUCKET, fascinating island 30 miles at sea, yet only one hour by air from New York or Boston: Miles of white sand beach, surf bathing (Water averages 72°), golf, sailing, all your favorite sports, varied entertainment. Modern hotels, inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, Nantucket 16, Massachusetts.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford. 635 Sutter Street.

VARIED, PRODUCTIVE FISHING—Cottages combining charm AND comfort—Enticing food—Many-faceted vacationing. Leaflet—RUSSELL'S, BROOKTON, MAINE. May 30th-December 1st.

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HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful beach, tropical setting. Best meals in Mexico $15.60 American Plan, double occupancy. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lake nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Connecticut.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, a Colonial home. Good food. R.D.2, Middlebury, Vermont.

SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE, Robbinsville, North Carolina. Small, secluded. Picturesque mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies. Season opens May 22nd. Mountain laurel, azalea, rhododendron in profusion during late May-June. Folder. AAA—Duncan Hines recommended.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. The ideal vacation spot in a setting of rare, natural beauty. Elevation 2100' midst the beautiful Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal. Private swimming, sports. Excellent food and accommodations. Folder.

MEADOW HILL. It's wonderful! Your own private hammock and 80 acres to swing it in! Oxford, Maine.

WORLD-FAMOUS FISHING PORT and vacation area on cool, picturesque Cape Ann. Beaches, fishing, boating. For pictorial, informative folder write City Manager, Gloucester 5, Massachusetts.

RESIDENT CENTER FOR MUSICIANS AND ARTISTS. Professional staff offers assistance in informal program of chamber music, painting, jewelry, ceramics. Fine meals, relaxed atmosphere. "Vacation with a purpose" for a week or more on college campus in beautiful Green Mountain setting. July 3rd to August 28th. Write: Evalyn Bates, Box "S", Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont.

(Continued on page 52)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 51)

SQUIRREL INN, Box 8, Squirrel Island, Maine. Restful island resort off Boothbay Harbor, mainland utilities, 20 ferry trips daily. Sailing, swimming, fishing, tennis. Folder.

OGUNQUIT. Famous summer vacation center, smooth, uncrowded beaches, numerous activities. Artists' colony, summer theatre, shopping center, deep-sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants, tea rooms. For information write Information Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

VACATION BY THE SEA. Enjoy our scenic location overlooking ocean. Private beach. Excellent meals. Golf, tennis, shuffleboard, fishing. Near lovely shops, famous art colony, summer theatre. AAA recommended. For folder, rates, reservations write THE ONTIO, Ogunquit, Maine.

THE LOG HOUSE, THIRTEENTH LAKE, North River, New York. 2,100 ft. altitude. 600 acres midst Adirondack Forest Preserve. "We didn't think there was a place left like this!" Cottages. Meals varied and best. The Tibbits.

COME VISIT WITH US! Picturesque Alpine chalet. Green Mountains. Scenic. Epicurean. Restful. Folder. Winhall Mountain Lodge, Manchester, Vermont.

WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open all year. Our folder tells all. Bill & Betty Whitney, Jackson 10, New Hampshire.

SANDY POND LODGE, Hope Valley, Rhode Island. Modern housekeeping cabins. Recreation. Folder.

ON OLD CAPE COD: Capt. Bangs Hallet Guest House, Yarmouth Port, Massachusetts. Brochure.

VACATION [vacate -|- shun] 1. To vacate, get out of oneself. 2. To shun feverish, redundant, summer holidays, instead resort to calm and quiet. THE ISLAND INN, Monhegan Island, Maine. Booklet D ?

PELICAN COVE—In unspoiled Florida Keys. Immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, fishing, shelling, skindiving, birdwatching, sailing, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical Isle. Tom and Carolyn Brown, Islamorada, Florida.

NEVIS, BRITISH WEST INDIES: Enjoy the Caribbean's most unspoiled island. Modern cottages built on old sugar plantation. Lovely beaches, swimming pool, tennis, excellent cuisine. Chris-Craft cruiser for fishing. Write or cable Frank Galey, Golden Rock Estate, Nevis.

SUN-INSIDE, Monterey, Massachusetts. Berkshires. French cuisine, small, very quiet.

TUILAUVENT—Maple Road, Brewster, New York. Telephone 9-8106. Only 50 miles from NYC, a beautifully located and secluded country place. Ideal for relaxing weekends and vacation. Comfortable rooms. French cooking. Moderate rates.

PEMAQUID SEMINAR: Stimulating and informal vacations in Maine. Discussions, Writers' Workshop, lectures. For 1960 pamphlet write: Box 386, Damariscotta, Maine.

PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events. Pool, 5 acres grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

ROAD'S END, Lake Pleasant, Hamilton County, N.Y. Secluded and beautiful, directly on lake. Nature lovers' paradise. Open until late autumn. Reasonable. Modern conveniences. Write for booklet.

UP-ISLAND on Martha's Vineyard. You're away from frantic joy-mills, free as a gull. Picturesque harbor to paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling, scholarly retreats. Modern cottages for 2 to 6 guests. New England home cooking at its best. Lower June rates. MENEMSHA INN, Menemsha 9, Massachusetts.

CRESTMONT INN, EAGLES MERE, PENNSYLVANIA. Fun for the whole family in the scenic Alleghenies. Modern hotel rooms, cottages. Superb food. Golf, tennis, riding, water sports, shuffleboard. Golf, tennis pros. Directors for tots, teens. Opens June 17th. Folder. W. T. Dickerson, President.

HOTEL ENGLEWOOD on Cape Cod. A pleasant, quiet family hotel with private beach. Warm bathing, lawn sports. Cocktail lounge. Golf nearby. Rates include meals. West Yarmouth 15, Massachusetts.

CHASE'S ON TORSEY LAKE, Readfield, Maine. Widely spaced cottages along 26 acres tree-bordered shore, central dining room, finest food, all home-cooked, recreational lodge, swimming, fishing. Booklet.

VACATIONS

BLUEBERRY HILL! Apple blossoms! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. THE MASTERTONS, Brandon, Vermont.

UNIQUE COTTAGE AND CABIN COLONY in deep woods on an unspoiled lake near Tanglewood. No highways, no towns, just pure relaxation, fine food, Hi-Fi, sports, ideal hiking or unsurpassable loafing; lounging patio, sunbathing floats, lakeview terrace, game room, card room, 1,000 volume library. 36th Season! May 27th to October 2nd. Probably the place you have been looking for. No dressing up, no swank, no juke box but plenty of "unhurried fun." CHANTERWOOD, Box 31, Lee, Massachusetts. Brochure T. Open May 27th.

IVES LAKE, in the heart of the Huron Mountains. Catch a Rainbow, hunt a mushroom, read a book, bring the kids. Write Howard Paul, Big Bay, Michigan.

RIVERSIDE HOTEL, Ogunquit 1, Maine. Perfect seaside relaxation. Art colony. Beach. Playhouse. Bountiful meals. Folder.

THE WESTTOWN FARMHOUSE, an old fashioned country inn, 21 miles west of Philadelphia. Beautiful Pennsylvania countryside. Excellent meals. Pleasant rooms. In the cultural atmosphere of a Quaker school campus, with library privileges, use of private lake and tennis courts. During summer months, an expert tennis professional, camp for all ages and a day camp for children on campus. Reservations by week, month, or year-round. Marion Weller, Manager, Westtown, Pennsylvania.

HOLIDAY HOUSE, CASTINE, MAINE. Waterfront hotel, private bathrooms. Request colored brochure.

LAKE SUNAPEE AREA. Highest large lake in New England. FREE booklet. BOARD OF TRADE, Sunapee 8, New Hampshire.

FOR THOSE WHO want every facility and service, plus the tranquillity of casual beach life, write the Fields for literature about their COLONY BEACH CLUB RESORT, Longboat Key, Sarasota, Florida. Phone FUlton 8-2131. Ideal Summer weather . . . Family rates.

BELGRADE. Seven large, crystal-clear lakes. 400 square miles of woodland, streams and countryside. Good fishing, vacationing, fall hunting. Write for free booklet. Specify accommodations desired and when. BELGRADE LAKES REGION, INC., Belgrade 7, Maine.

TRAPP FAMILY LODGE, Stowe, Vermont. Home of Trapp family on whose life the current musical, "The Sound of Music," is based. Restful, atmospheric chalet. Panoramic scenery. Hearty Austrian-American meals. $9.00 American. Folder. Telephone Stowe, ALpine 3-7545.

HOTEL PEMAQUID at tip of Maine's most picturesque ocean point. Artists' and photographers' paradise. Own swimming pool. Boating. Superb meals, seafood specialties. Color folder. Lucy C. Allen, Manager, Pemaquid Point, Maine.

LIKE SWIMMING, GOLF, SPORTS, excellent meals? You'll thoroughly enjoy your vacation at this delightful country Inn. All sports on our 250 acre estate. Informal social events; entertainment. $12-$18 day includes meals. Open all year. For color folder, reservations write A. Gordon Moody, Manager, THE NORTHFIELD, East Northfield 46, Massachusetts.

THE ROBBINS FARM, Poconos. Modern studio housekeeping units. Beautiful 200 acre estate. Lake, pool, moderate rates. Brochure. RD 6, Saylorsburg, Pennsylvania.

FOUR SEASONS LODGE. Magnificent views overlooking Lake Sunapee. Rooms, motel, good food. AAA. Write THE GALLUPS, Sunapee 5, New Hampshire.

VACATION COTTAGES IN BERKSHIRES. Excellent food. THE FALES, Williamstown, Massachusetts.

SUMMER on farms and hotels welcoming children. Call LOrraine 8-0700 NYC.

HOLIDAY HOUSE, Wellfleet, Cape Cod, Massachusetts. Country Inn. Ocean, bay, lake swimming, all types summer theatre nearby. NO wall to wall carpeting, NO television, NO pool, NO tiled showers. Good food. Pleasant guests. American plan.

THE CLIFF HOUSE, Bald Head Cliff, Ogunquit 5, Maine. Enjoy our salt tanged breezes. Pool 72°. Quiet, informal. Cocktail lounge. All sports. Reasonable rates with or without meals. Booklet. Maurice Weare, Manager. WELLS (Midway) 6-5662.

ELEGANT YET INEXPENSIVE. Summer by the sea in a gracious plantation house where children are welcome and the weather is always spring. Rates $10 a day per person which includes three delicious meals. John Blondin, SAM LORD'S CASTLE, Barbados, West Indies.

VACATIONS

WINDY HILL, R.D. Box 160, Walden, New York. Informal, friendly. Music, books, sports, natural lake. Newburgh: JOhn 2-1232. Open May 27th.

CHARMWOOD-ON-THE-HUDSON. Beautiful view. Relaxing. Home cooking. Box 432, Fort Montgomery, New York.

LUDLOW LODGE for old-fashioned New England leisure time loafing. Green Mountains, shaded lawn, cool veranda, spacious rooms. Paul Schmalzl, Ludlow, Vermont.

ANCIENT HOME, all modern conveniences, marvelous view, maid, $200.00 monthly. LePontot, Vezelay, Yonne, France.

TRAVEL

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STAY IN THE HEART OF SMART NEW YORK . . . at the famous Beekman Tower Hotel. It's near everything—United Nations, midtown shops, just a short bus ride to the theatres. Rates are moderate, accommodations delightful. Enjoy cocktails in the Top o' the Tower Cocktail Lounge—26 stories high in the sky—and delicious food in the Turtle Bay Dining Room. Rates for single rooms with semi-private bath from $6.50. Group rates available. If you're driving to New York, write BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, 49th Street and First Avenue (3 Mitchell Place), New York 17, New York for the SR map showing how to avoid city traffic.

BABOONS STEAL RIDES on your car hood, elephants and giraffes are thicker than Sunday afternoon traffic —all in South Africa's Kruger Park and other game reserves. Never was film put to more thrilling use! Tours of the entire Union and adjacent African highlights cost about $20 per day. Obtain fascinating literature from SATOUR, Dept. S, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 20.

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STUDENTS, IT'S PLANNED FOR YOU—A summer abroad with PFE—Month's residence and study at Le Fleuron In Florence or 30 day stay in Paris with 40 hour course of study sponsored by Andre Maurois, Robert Schuman, and Marshal Juin PLUS 30 day student tour—choice of 3 itineraries including USSR. . . . Round trip air transportation—60 days in Europe—$1,375—$1,450. Write for 20 page illustrated brochure. Paris France Europe Association for Study and Travel, 10 East 49th Street, New York 17, New York.

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SCIENCE & HUMANITY

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Letters to the Science Editor • Science in Books • Personality Portrait—L • The Research Frontier

ARTICLES: Dissent in Favor of Man

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

DO WE NEED A CENSUS OF WORTHLESS DRUGS?

HAS the decennial census of 1960 neglected the most significant of all indices of the true state of a democracy?

Have the fact-takers missed a decisive clue to the health of the people?

Do we need a count of the worthless drugs that have been prescribed to trusting patients by physicians who in their turn have felt safe in accepting the advice of other doctors who are drug salesmen?

Should some disinterested agency, whose integrity could not be challenged seriously by anyone, take responsibility for telling us how many of the "cures" that flood the market from day to day last as long as five years?

These cannot be dismissed as "scare" questions. They were asked with grave deliberation last month at hearings before the United States Senate Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly by one of America's most eminent medical researchers: Iowa State University School of Medicine's Dr. William Bennett Bean, chairman of the board of regents of the National Library of Medicine.

"The methods by which society protects itself in a democratic state in a capitalistic system depend on knowledge, on foresight, on wisdom, and not least, on a sense of responsibility," Dr. Bean reminded the Senatorial inquirers. "These all must be diffused through the length and breadth of society to provide the guiding force for people. . . .

"In the past, when science moved slowly and innovations in therapy were based on inspirational ideas rather than on experiment, the sick patient might fare well or badly, not so much from the disease he had as from the therapeutic views of his physician. There were few specifics. . . . As chemistry grew up from alchemy and witchcraft, the specifics began to multiply. Now we have whole industries in search of ever more wonderful drugs.

"Modern medicine owes a tremendous debt to the pharmaceutical industry and could not exist without it. Nevertheless, there are certain dangers which need attention. . . .

"I am not concerned with the many fine pharmaceutical companies which . . . got their start from the foresight and enterprise of a pharmacist or a physician. . . . [They had] a sense of obligation to the public as well as pride in the good name of the company. The public was not solicited to buy.

"But two changes have occurred. Some large chemical manufacturers have entered the drug field or bought out established businesses. The professional founders of other companies have become remote with the passage of time and industrial expansion. The scientific and medical people who make and test drugs find themselves at odds with the marketing, advertising, and sales divisions but without a strong voice in controlling events. The businessman promotes the interest of the stockholder. . . .

"The stockholder's appropriate interest is in income. The richest earnings occur when a new variety or variation of a drug is marketed before competing drugs can be discovered, improvised, named, and released. This bonanza time may last only a few months. Unless there are large earnings, the quick kill with the quick pill, the investment does not pay off. Commercial secrets must be kept dark, lest a competitor get the jump.

"Under this system it is impracticable to do tests extending over a long period of months or years to establish the range of usefulness and potential dangers from toxicity. Such tests usually have to be done in hospitals and often in medical schools, where secrecy in science cannot be tolerated. Thus, after extensive laboratory tests on toxicity and pharmacological properties, but sometimes with a minimum of clinical trial, a drug may be marketed. . . .

"The newer drugs get special treatment [from the salesmen who make the rounds of doctors' offices]. . . . The physician, if he is uncertain of what his fellow physicians may be doing, does not want to be left at the post in any new therapeutic race. . . . So, with the reassurances he gets, the new therapy is launched. The results are variable but not all according to the [salesman's] spiel. . . .

"Responsible persons in medicine, government, and industry must face these issues together, honestly and courageously, lest there be truth in the statement that the public is screening [i.e., testing the worthiness of] new compounds so that pharmacologists in their laboratories know the toxicity before they study . . . [the drugs] in guinea pigs. . . .

"Before a drug is released for distribution and sale, it must satisfy certain requirements of purity. It must not exceed certain limits of acute toxicity. [But] little has been done to guarantee safeguards against cumulative ill effects, intolerance to prolonged therapy, risks of sensitivity, or particular kinds of cell damage. . . .

"No one has worked on the necrology of last year's sure cures, whose costly advertising brochures gather dust.

"What, in short, is the five-year survival rate of new drugs?

"Where are the cures of yesteryear?"

"A study of abandoned drugs may seem a little foolish when so many new ones are arriving daily," Dr. Bean ob-

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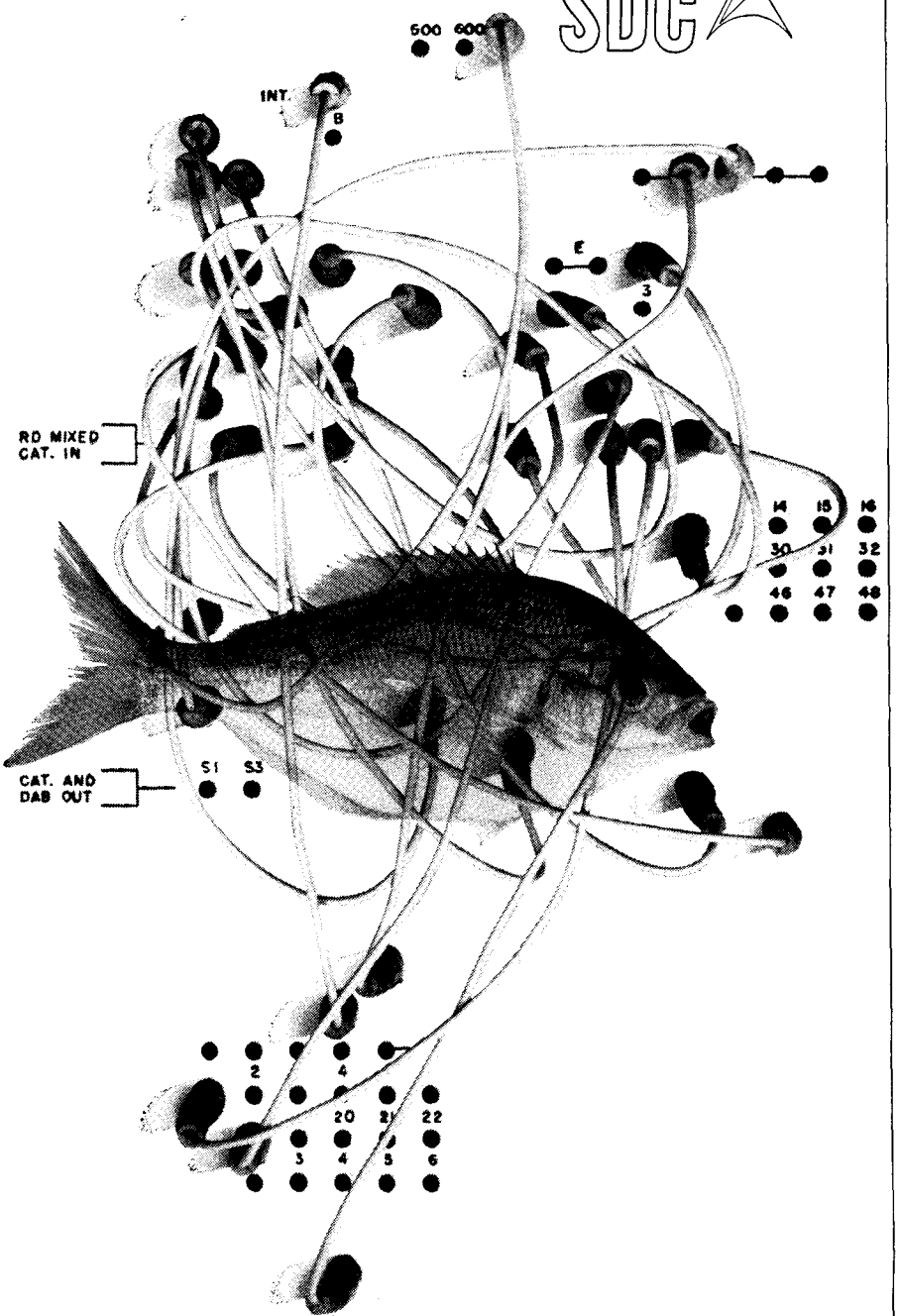
America's fast-changing defense system is steadily improving and strengthening as new weapons and control systems are fitted in. But each change in defense procedure must be tested under stress. How and where can this be done without disrupting the existing system? Some new kind of simulated test zone is needed.

the simulated sea System Development Corporation has worked out the intricate answer around Kansas City. On computers and magnetic tape, it has simulated tricky features of many defense zones: a seacoast in mid-Kansas, an imaginary island at Denver, a Canadian border in Iowa. In this Model Operational Environment, as it is called, crews and computers react to hypothetical attacks as radar data (live, simulated, or a mix) comes in. Thus continental defense reaches ever-higher levels of preparedness. **SYSTEM DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION** A non-profit corporation developing large computer-based control systems for military, scientific, and governmental operations. Professional staff openings at Lodi, New Jersey and Santa Monica, California.

SDC



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served. "But each failure is costly and wasteful—in time, money, hope, and perhaps in health."

Is a reliable tally of abandoned drugs possible? Of course. But it would first be necessary to answer the question: abandoned by whom?

Medicine is practiced in America on at least two levels. The drug standard of the upper level is fixed by the U.S. Pharmacopeia (Greek for "preparation of medicine."), a private institution that speaks with the authority of 140 years of experience. Having been in existence long before Congress enacted the first Federal drug control law in 1906, and having functioned successfully as a guide to enforcement of local drug laws throughout the country during that period, USP had so well established faith in its character and judgment that it received Congressional sanction not only to decide drug standards but to change and modify those standards in accord with new medical knowledge. Almost every other feature of the 1906 drug act was debated at great length; USP's role in enforcement was accepted without argument. And when the 1938 Congress passed the present Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act, the unusual position of USP was continued unchanged. The confidence derives from the identity of USP's Committee on Revisions, which is made up of distinguished medical and pharmacological specialists. The standards take two forms: verbal description in a dictionary-like volume and actual samples of pure drug crystals to be matched by manufacturers. The sixteenth edition of the guidebook, which appeared in print just a few weeks ago, abandons a number of drugs including several antibiotics that Dr. Henry Welch, as chief of the Antibiotics Division of the U. S. Food and Drug Administration, argued vehemently to try to retain on the preferred register.

Hundreds of drugs which do not come up to the rigid USP standards are listed in another compendium, The National Formulary, published by the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association. There obviously would be no demand for The Formulary if all physicians adopted the stricter requirements of USP. What explains the medical profession's willingness to tolerate the lesser measure of performance?

One reason is suggested by a paper read by Dr. George W. Dana at a Pharmaceutical Advertising Club Seminar in New York City on October 10, 1959. This ebullient communication ran as follows:

"Whatever your talent or your participation, direct or indirect, as employee in, consultant to, or supplier of the pharmaceutical industry—you are, in my opinion, part of the greatest in-

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dustry. Greatest, though not in present size, but in past, present and future significance, and you have my congratulations, and I shall refer to your industry as THE industry. . . .

"The industry is concerned with profound matters. . . . Its objective is to make life worth living . . . a samaritan kind of objective.

"In the first half of the century, and, indeed, until the mid-century, the preponderance of basic scientific work stemmed from the academic centers. The balance has been swinging and will continue to swing to the industry, for it is now apparent that from here on out there will be increasingly important leadership in the originality of ideas and their development from the industry. Indeed, the sulfas, the vitamins, the vaccines, the steroids, the anti-histamines, the anti-mycotics, the electrolyte replacements, and the enzyme inhibitors are in their present state of development due to the industry's work. And here is a point:

"Most of these developments are subsequent to the graduation [from medical school] of the majority of practicing physicians. A great deal of what these doctors know about these new products, which now constitute the major part of their prescriptions, and for which they are in a position to prescribe so specifically, they have learned from the medical communications of the industry rather than from their schools, their professional societies, a text, or their teaching or community hospitals. In large measure, they have learned this from you. Thus the doctor has been twice blessed by you. You have created the product, and you have instructed him as to its usage. You are emerging as a dominant influence in postgraduate therapeutics."

That the situation is as Dr. Dana described it no one doubts. But how many anxious patients would consider it altogether a blessing for their doctor's prescriptions to be determined by people who sell drugs rather than by doctor-teachers who have only the patient's welfare to gain from use of any medicine they advise?

Dr. Dana perhaps unwittingly noted another possible reason for physicians' acceptance of something less than the best standards of quality.

"Incidentally," he told his drug company listeners at the New York symposium, "many of the M.D.'s are loyal stockholders!!"

The exclamation points are Dr. Dana's. They seem appropriate. Physicians who resent the statement they punctuate (and many scrupulously honest doctors certainly are going to) should keep in mind that its publication in these columns was invited by the drughouse drumbeaters who sent a

HAROLD S. BLACK, LAMME MEDALIST

A MAN WINS A MEDAL . . . AND STRENGTHENS A PHILOSOPHY

The search for the "hitherto unattainable" sometimes ends in strange places.

For years Bell Laboratories engineer Harold S. Black pondered a problem: how to rid amplifiers of the distortion which unhappily accumulated as signal-transmission paths were made longer and amplifiers were added. There had been many approaches but all had failed to provide a practical answer.

Then one day in 1927 the answer came—not in a research laboratory, but as he traveled to work on the Lackawanna Ferry. On a newspaper, Mr. Black jotted down those first exciting calculations.

Years later, his *negative feedback principle* had revolutionized the art of signal amplification. It is a principal reason why telephone and television networks can now blanket the country, the transoceanic cable is a reality, and military radar and missile-control systems are models of precision.

For this pioneer achievement, and for numerous other contributions to communications since then (some 60 U. S. patents are already credited to him), Mr. Black received the 1957 Lamme Medal from the American Institute of Electrical Engineers. He proved that the seemingly "unattainable" often *can* be achieved, and thus strengthened a philosophy that is shared by all true researchers.

He is one of many Bell Telephone Laboratories scientists and engineers who have felt the challenge of telephony and have risen to it, ranging deeply into science and technology. Numerous medals and awards have thus been won. Two have been Nobel Prizes, a distinction without equal in any other industrial concern.

Much remains to be done. To create the communications systems of the future, we must probe deeper still for new knowledge of Nature's laws. We must continue to develop new techniques in switching, transmission and instrumentation for every kind of information-bearing signal. As never before, communications offer an inspiring challenge to creative men.

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WORLD CENTER OF COMMUNICATIONS RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT

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mimeographed copy of Dr. Dana's thesis to the Science Editor of SR.

Financial investment in the drug firms whose medicines they prescribe would be too direct an involvement for old-fashioned disciples of the Hippocratic Oath. But the Senate hearings, presided over by Tennessee Democrat Estes Kefauver, have now heard a series of doctors testify about indirect relationships of powerful effect.

"Philosophers have scarcely examined the question of the teaching value of medical meetings," Dr. Bean declared. "These range in scope from small county or town medical societies to such great conventions as the meeting of the American Medical Association or international congresses attended by thousands. Great medical organizations from the size of a state medical society and larger have many expenses in holding a special meeting. They must pay for administrators, secretaries, mailings, programs, stenographic aid, rooms for the press, and a place for the meeting, including rooms for commercial and scientific exhibits.

"At the large meetings, there are reunions, dinners, banquets, organized activity for the wives, and less and less emphasis on strictly scientific portions of the program. In fact, to get to the lecture hall, it may be necessary to run a gauntlet through a maze of commercial exhibits. Special intermissions are scheduled in the scientific program for visiting the exhibits. Each exhibitor is expected to bring back evidence of attention in the form of names of physicians who have registered at his booth. Society officers and those conducting meetings urge everyone to register at each exhibit and they remind the audience that the society is beholden to the exhibitors for money to hold the meeting. . . .

"CENSORSHIP has arisen in some medical societies, which avoid scheduling papers by speakers who might be critical of the exhibitors' products. Some [medical journal] editors have refused to publish articles criticizing particular drugs and methods of therapy, lest advertising suffer."

One physician who testified that his criticisms had been rejected by medical journals was a Salt Lake City gynecologist, Dr. James Bowes. What Dr. Bowes wanted to publish was a three-year study of the advertising pressure he had been subjected to by the drug-houses through the mails. The flashy ads and bulky samples inundating his office began to annoy him actively in 1957. That year, and again in 1958 and 1959, he took odd moments of spare time to count and weigh. Finally, for two calendar months in 1959, he told the Senators, "I weighed every piece of mail on a postal scale, noting the company [which sent the mail], the bulk rate [of postage] paid, and the corresponding . . . rate that you and I would have to pay if we were doing the mailing. I noted the drug samples received and calculated the wholesale cost of each pill, powder, and liquid they contained. The results soon began to look fantastic.'

Taking his own drug ad mail as typical, and assigning a similar amount to each of the 150,000 physicians he estimated to be eligible for such attention, Dr. Bowes found that "it would take two railroad mail cars, 110 large mail trucks and 800 postmen to deliver the daily load of drug circulars and samples to doctors" if all the mail were directed to one city. "Then, after being delivered, it would take over twenty-five trash trucks to haul it away, to be burned on a dump pile whose blaze would be seen for fifty miles around."

THAT most of the stuff would reach the dump pile fairly quickly, Dr. Bowes was sure, and he documented his opinion. More than half of the five score Salt Lake City doctors' secretaries he queried on the telephone assured him that only first class mail got through to their bosses. "Doctors in two of the large medical clinics in town had an equally drastic policy," he added. "Their mail room clerk was instructed to throw out all circulars . . . One clinic tried to have the Post Office burn all their circulars before delivery to save wear and tear on the postmen. This idea had to be shelved because 'The mail must go through.' Hospital physicians often instruct their mail clerks to discard all circulars as delivered. At one university hospital there are several huge wastebaskets at the foot of the mail slots for quick disposal of all third class mail. . . . Postal officials say it takes a new postman some time before he becomes calloused to seeing . . . the . . . dumping [of] circulars into the trash can before his very eyes."

"What is the pharmaceutical house really accomplishing?" the Utah gynecologist asked. Even if most of the ad brochures were read, "does a doctor, who has a professional education, require so much repetition to get across to him the idea of a new drug?" Moreover: "Do the drug firms have the right to take up so much of a doctor's time or his tax money—and that of other taxpayers—by burdening the Post Office to deliver circulars at a reduced rate?"

Again using his own ad mail as an example and applying it as a yardstick to the mail of 150,000 physicians, Dr. Bowes calculated that bulk mail rates permitted to the drug houses were $5,520,150 a year lower than the third class rates ordinary citizens would have to pay. Since the Post Office loses money on its operations, "the only one to make up the difference is the government, alias you and I, in our role of taxpayer."

Five and a half million dollars of tax money, Dr. Bowes pointed out, "would finance many a research project in our medical schools." Medicine would not then have to depend so much on drug company subsidy and its sometimes unfortunate sequelae for the continuing education of doctors.

"I would like to repeat here," Doctor Bowes said on the Senate witness stand, "the statement that I wrote in a report in 1957 that was never published: 'Drug manufacturers might review among themselves this one-half billion dollar expense before the people clamor for an investigation of the high cost of drugs'."

The ads were only part of the Utah physician's complaint.

"During the month of December 1959," his testimony went on, "seven detail men [drug house salesmen] visited my office and left sixty-five drug samples valued at $48.07," Extrapolating from this figure, he arrived at a total of $576.84 worth of samples in his own office in one year "or a possible $86,526,000 worth . . . in 150,000 M.D.'s offices per year."

"It has been a puzzle to me," Dr. Bowes confessed, "how a registered pharmacist is restricted in giving drug samples to doctors, friends, and relatives and yet a drug detail man can so freely give samples away to doctors and office assistants without any authority to dispense drugs."

ONE excuse given for dispensing samples to doctors, he recalled, is "that the drug samples are used for indigent patients. I wish to differ . . . I was not able to find a use for more than one-fourth in my practice. At this very moment I would estimate that there are 2,025 tons of drug samples in the back rooms of doctors' offices throughout the country valued at $30,000,000. . . . As proof of these facts, I recently solicited the offices of twenty-two of my fellow doctors in Salt Lake City for their throw-away drug samples that they could not possibly find use for. I collected over 600 pounds . . . The wholesale value of them was $4,400. This amount represented an accumulation of samples over not more than a six-month period. Thus, the $30,000,000 estimate could further be stated as $60,000,000 worth of drug samples going to waste per year."

To make some constructive use of

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these wasted medicines, Dr. Bowes organized a project he calls "Medicines Abroad." So far, he has sent drugs to a charity clinic on Salt Lake City's west side, a home for the aged in that city, a mission hospital in Tanganyika in Africa, and another mission hospital in the Philippines. Further shipments are now in preparation for India and Sumatra and if the waste continues the project will be enlarged "to include many other countries of the world."

SUMMING up the effect of drughouse pressure on the medical profession, as he interpreted it from his personal experience, the Utah practitioner put "the total cost of promoting drugs" at $210,261,215 a year, not counting subsidy of medical conventions or "the tremendous expenditures paid for medical journal advertising." This, he noted, "is greater than the $194,000,000 annual price-tag for research and slightly more than ten per cent of the reported $2,000,000,000 annual gross sale on prescription drugs. Therefore, if this promotional phase were discontinued it could readily result in an overall reduction in the cost of drugs to the patient" by at least ten cents on the dollar.

In concluding his Senate testimony, Dr. Bowes expressed the conviction that drug promotion has become so fierce an object of competition among drugmakers that for any one drughouse to stop "would be financial suicide." He felt that a Drug Control Board would have to be set up to impose restrictions on everyone simultaneously. Fear of even more disproportionate pressure on doctors was voiced by another Senate witness because of the recent purchase of a group of medical journals by commercial mail-order advertising interests.

"Some medical educators are becoming increasingly concerned over the influence of the drug industry and their advertising agencies on medical journals," Dr. Solomon Garb, associate professor of medicine at Albany Medical College, testified. "These journals are one of our last remaining sources of reliable information. An earlier witness before this committee has testified that one medical journal lent itself to a drug firm's advertising program in connection with a ghost-written paper. He also pointed out that a new journal charges a substantial fee to print articles. Presumably such fees are paid by the drug manufacturers. I am afraid that the influence of the drug industry on medical journals is already too great, and is growing. . . .

"Here is an article in the November 30, 1959 issue of Drug Trade News, page six. It states that six journals have been purchased outright by the Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation. Of these six, four are highly trusted medical journals. They are The American Journal of Medicine (Green Journal), The American Journal of Surgery, the American Jurnal of Clinical Nutrition, and the American Journal of Cardiology. The Donnelley Corporation is also engaged in direct mail advertising. Perhaps there is nothing wrong in this, and I do not claim that there is anything necessarily wrong with this, but it is a bit disturbing to find an advertising agency buying up medical journals."

Dr. Garb's concern echoes questions raised in SR's earlier reports on abuses in the marketing of drugs in America. In SR/Research for February 1959, attention was called to a conflict of interest between several posts occupied by Dr. Henry Welch, chief of the Antibiotics Division of the U.S. Food and Drug Administration. At the same time that he was responsible for policing the sale of antibiotics, Dr. Welch was serving as editor of two antibiotics journals (*Antibiotics and Chemotherapy* and *Antibiotic Medicines and Clinical Therapy*) which receive an appreciable share of their income from drug makers through advertisements and through sale of reprints of articles published in the journals. Following SR's disclosure of the situation, Dr. Welch was instructed to quit his jobs as editor. But he has not been required to relinquish his financial interest in a third medical publication, Medical Encyclopedia. The degree of his financial holding in this enterprise has not been made public, nor is it generally known who are the other owners. The public welfare would seem to command that the present Senate investigation include an examination of this ownership and its ties, if any, to drug advertising and drug manufacturing and drug sales.

TWO of the Senate probers, Republican minority leader Everett Dirksen of Illinois and his fellow Republican, Roman Hruska, have persistently objected to the growing procession of witnesses critical of the drug houses. They have taken the position that the overall performance of the drug industry is laudatory, and that whatever reforms are necessary are minor and can be handled easily by the drugmakers themselves. The shortcomings discussed at the Senate hearings are clearly not minor, but in a society dedicated to private enterprise the principle of privately-motivated correction must be the first applied. SR's drug reports have reflected this belief throughout. However, the need for something more forceful than verbal expressions of good

...NEWS IS HAPPENING AT NORTHROP

Charles A. Kerner
Chief Engineer,
Systems Support,
Nortronics Division of
Northrop Corporation

Growing Importance of Weapon Systems Support Puts New and Vital Emphasis on Specialized Engineering

by Charles A. Kerner

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intent must be recognized. What has the drug industry done, for instance, to reform its advertising practices since the non-existent doctors in the Charles Pfizer and Co., Inc., ad for Sigmamycin were exposed in these columns (SR/Research January 3, 1959)?

According to the Senate testimony of Dr. Austin Smith, paid president of the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, a letter went out that same month from PMA's board of directors to presidents of PMA member companies. This communication absolved the drug firm heads as a group from direct responsibility for transgression of the PMA code of ethics (the Sigmamycin ad was such a transgression) but suggested they may have failed to impress sales and ad managers of their companies with the necessity for compliance with the code. Testifying fourteen months after that episode, Dr. Smith said he still did not know how many of PMA's member firms give their medical specialists absolute veto over the misleading exuberances of sales managers and ad writers (the Senate hearing transcript showed that at least two houses in addition to Pfizer–Merck and Squibb–had not always done so in the past). Dr. Smith testified further that he had "not the vaguest idea what goes on in" the Pfizer company.

After SR on September 5, 1959 published a second Pfizer ad which substituted the performance record of a successful drug for the performance of a newer, much less tried drug, Dr. Smith testified, the PMA again reacted within a month. This time, he said, Pfizer president John McKeen was called upon to explain the ad, and did offer an explanation, and the PMA board postponed action on that explanation because the Federal Trade Commission had entered an official complaint against the ad, and six months later (February 1960) the postponement was being continued but the PMA board had then voted to appoint *ad hoc* committees to investigate all future violations of the PMA ethical code and to report findings to the PMA membership (but not to the medical profession or to the public).

Given adequate time, Dr. Smith pleaded, PMA can develop "increasing guidance"—he objected to the word "policing"—for the drug industry. How much time? He couldn't say. It depended on "the lawyers." Though he came to PMA from one of the highest posts in the American Medical Association, Dr. Smith omitted mention of the fact that it was the constant harassment by drug lawyers that caused the AMA Council on Drugs to stop its longtime practice of testing and certifying new drugs for the benefit of AMA's thousands of member physicians.

After divulging the shocking truth that the current budget of the U. S. Food and Drug Administration allows government inspection of drug factories on an average of only once in five and a half years, Dr. Smith testified that PMA would support larger Congressional appropriations for F and DA but he doubted any enthusiasm for continuous drug inspection comparable to the rigorous inspection of meat at packing houses.

In the face of avalanching evidence that too many inadequately tested "cures" are being marketed and that consequent danger to the people's health is mounting, Dr. Smith contended that "the greatest tragedy in medicine is for a discovery to lie idle in a laboratory." He defended the drug makers' confusing use of myriad tradenames for therapeutically identical drugs. He questioned the need for stricter official control. On this point it seems pertinent again to review the actual course of controls exerted on the drug ad abuses reported by SR.

Following the January 1959 disclosure of the misleading Pfizer ad for Sigmamycin, the Federal Trade Commission issued the first unfair practice complaint in its history against an ethical drug house, with Pfizer as the defendant. An FTC trial examiner subsequently found Pfizer guilty of the practice complained of. But the examiner recommended dismissal of the complaint on the strength of a Pfizer pledge to avoid repetition of the offense, even though at the very moment of the dismissal recommendation a second misleading Pfizer ad—the one which substituted data about one drug to support another drug called Enarax—was under FTC investigation. The FTC examiner's recommendation to dismiss the Sigmamycin complaint has since been appealed. In the meanwhile, Pfizer admitted to the FTC that the Enarax drug that was being pushed in the second misleading ad had not been tested in as many cases as the ad claimed. But Pfizer insisted that this false claim did not constitute a misrepresentation of material fact and hence was not a violation of the law.

What in the name of Hippocrates *does* constitute a violation? Was Dr. A. Dale Console, Princeton psychiatrist who for five years served as chief medical director for Squibb, right after all in testifying that "pressure for . . . reform will almost certainly have to come from without" the drug industry because within the industry "a drug claim which is obviously misleading must be proved so by a process requiring the mental gymnastics of an insane philosopher"?

—John Lear,
Science Editor

LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

WONDERFUL

I consider Professor Feynman's exciting discourse on the almost infinite possibilities presented by the development of the electron microscope [*SR*/Research, April 2] to be one of the most awe-inspiring and imaginative pieces of scientific expositions that I have come across in a long time. This provocative speculation, based on established facts, should fire the imagination of every school boy in the country and should be made available for classroom discussion and recess reflection.

Noel Rhys.
New York, N. Y.

TOO WONDERFUL?

When Richard Feynman states that the jawbone first develops "with a little hole in the side so that later a nerve can grow through it" he exaggerates embryonic foresight. Actually the nerve is there first and is enclosed by developing membrane bone which subsequently forms the definitive mandible.

Forrest Darrough, Jr.
Oklahoma City, Okla.

THE TENNYSON SMELL

It is not clear whether Mr. [Roy] Bedichek or someone else is responsible for the attribution to Shelley of the quatrain which appears in the passage from Mr. Bedichek's "The Sense of Smell" quoted on page 51 of the *Saturday Review* for April 2.

The lines of poetry are, of course, the third last stanza of Section 95 of Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

I don't think Mr. Bedichek's making his point about the difficulty of communication in words the particular nature of a smell, specifically that of the sycamore tree, nor his other point about the mobility of odor molecules. But I do mind his laying rude hands upon Tennyson in order to make his points, which are irrelevant to the passage quoted. A careful reading of this stanza in the context of those which precede and follow it will show that the significant imagery of the passage is built around the *breeze;* the perfume of the sycamore is only incidental, used as a reinforcement to the *sound* of the moving air, and the *motion* it creates in the foliage and flowers; for Tennyson wishes to emphasize the suddenness of the breeze following eerily on the absolute calm of the dusk before dawn. He is not, then, trying to *communicate the nature* of the sycamore perfume, only mentioning its presence. It is, furthermore, a likewise irrelevant bit of pebble-picking to complain that "there is no such thing conceivable as a 'still perfume'." "Still perfume" is obviously a natural poetical shorthand for "perfumed still air."

If anyone wants to take pot-shots at Tennyson, I'd be glad to loan him ammunition. But let's not take aim at this passage, which is one of Alfred's finest.

Robert B. Doremus.
Madison, Wis.

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EDITOR'S NOTE: The role of science in changing man's environment rarely finds its way into the deliberations of the Supreme Court of the United States. That it did last month was due to the persistence of the famous naturalist, Robert Cushman Murphy, and his neighbors on Long Island. Indignant over disregard of dangers they saw to vegetables, animals, and humans, these foresighted citizens sought an injunction against the aerial spraying of their properties with DDT in furtherance of a U.S. Department of Agriculture campaign to eradicate the gypsy moth. While hearing of the case was still in progress before the Federal District Court in Brooklyn, the spraying was done, and the Court upheld the legality of the action. An appeal was taken to the Second Circuit Court of Appeals, which declared the question moot, or a dead issue. Murphy and his neighbors then asked the Supreme Court for a review. The review was denied with Justice William O. Douglas in a lone dissent reproduced below.

Justice William O. Douglas'

DISSENT IN FAVOR OF MAN

IN MY view the issues involved in this case are of such great public importance that I record my dissent to the denial of certiorari.

The petitioners in this case are residents of a heavily populated suburban area in Long Island, New York, who brought an action in 1957 to enjoin respondents, federal and state officials, from carrying out a threatened program of aerial spraying of their lands, homes, gardens, and orchards with a mixture of DDT and kerosene designed to eradicate the gypsy moth, an insect injurious to forests. The program is part of a campaign embarked in 1956 by the Department of Agriculture to spray more than 3,000,000 acres of land in ten States.

Petitioners alleged in their complaint that the threatened spraying was unauthorized by statute and so injurious to health and property as to violate the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments.

The District Court denied a motion for preliminary injunction on May 24, 1957. . . . Pending trial, petitioners' homes, persons, and lands received the spray. Respondents then contended that, because they had completed the spraying, the request for an injunction had become moot.

At the trial numerous experts testified to the public need for the spraying and the feasible methods available for the eradication of the gypsy moth. Petitioners attempted to adduce evidence that the use of multi-engine airplanes was unnecessary, that their property had not been infested with the moths, and that the use of ground spraying equipment and helicopters was a feasible means of avoiding uninfested areas with the spray.

Expert witnesses testified that the spraying of pastures with the mixture, which consisted of one pound of DDT in one gallon of kerosene base solvent, applied at the rate of one gallon per acre, inevitably produces measurable quantities of DDT in milk from cattle which feed on the pastures, and the crops [See Grass, Yearbook of Agriculture, 1948, USDA, p. 278] which have been sprayed by DDT should not be fed to cattle. Nevertheless, dairy farms, pastures, homes, gardens, orchards, swimming pools, and fish ponds received the spray; and in some cases, it seems, they received substantially more than the planned gallon per acre.

There was evidence that one of the petitioners who sells milk from her dairy had measurable contamination in the milk as late as five months after the spraying, which made its sale illegal under federal and state regulations.

There was evidence that the vegetables grown by one of the petitioners for family use were rendered inedible and the leaves on some of his vines turned brown, rotted, and fell off as a result of the spraying. Another petitioner, who spent $13,000 developing her land for chemical-free food production, testified that after the planes came over her plants were damaged and the fruit was withered, making it inedible. Several other petitioners complained that their fruits, vegetables, and berries were made unfit to eat.

Fish owned by two of the petitioners were said to have been killed by the spray; and dead birds were also reported. Predatory insects were also said to have been destroyed and as a result the quantity of red spiders and other pests increased. There was evidence that clothing was spotted and ruined and that children coughed from the spraying and their eyes watered.

THE extent of the danger of DDT to human health was a matter of sharp dispute among the numerous expert witnesses in the case. The testimony on many facets of this issue was extensive and elaborate. Yet the District Court made only one finding on the subject. It found: "The spraying program, which is the subject of this action, at the rate of one pound of DDT per gallon of solvent per acre, is not injurious to human health." No more specific findings were made on the matter and *the court refused to make any findings on the spray's effect on milk, fruits, vegetables or other crops or products.* Its only other finding on the issue of injury was that the spray "does not cause any considerable loss of birds, fish, bees or beneficial insects."

The complaint was dismissed on the ground, *inter alia,* that there was no proof of damages or that further spraying with airplanes was a likelihood. . . .

The Court of Appeals, without reaching the merits, vacated the decision of the District Court with directions to dismiss on the ground of mootness. . . . It held that respondents' evidence that another wholesale spraying operation

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was unlikely precluded the petitioners from obtaining an injunction. The respondents did not, however, give positive assurance that they would not spray the area again if it became necessary. In fact, it was indicated that if studies reveal that the eradication was not complete, respondents will resort to further poisoning, though perhaps only local in nature and possibly with different equipment. The program clearly was not abandoned.

In other cases we have held that the cessation of the activity complained of did not render the case moot . . . and if future activity of the nature complained of is feared, the courts are not impotent to fashion a remedy which minimizes any injury from a recurrence of the practice.

The public interest in this controversy is not confined to a community in New York. Respondents' spraying program is aimed at millions of acres of land throughout the Eastern United States. Moreover, the use of DDT in residential areas and on dairy farms is thought by many to present a serious threat to human health as evidenced by the record in this case as well as alarms sounded by others on the problem. The need for adequate findings on the effect of DDT is of vital concern not only to wildlife conservationists and owners of domestic animals but to all who drink milk or eat food from sprayed gardens.

WE ARE told by the scientists that DDT is an insoluble that cows get from barns and fields that have been sprayed with it. The DDT enters the milk and becomes stored by people in the fatty tissues of the body. Because it is a potential menace to health the Food and Drug Administration maintains that any DDT in milk in interstate commerce is illegal. [There has been no formal regulation governing DDT in milk. By informal rulings however there can be no DDT in milk.]

The effect of DDT on birds and on their reproductive powers and on other wildlife, the effect of DDT as a factor in certain types of disease in man such as poliomyelitis, hepatitis, leukemia, and other blood disorders, the mounting sterility among our bald eagles have led to increasing concern in many quarters about the wisdom of the use of this and other insecticides.

The alarms that many experts and responsible officials have raised about the perils of DDT underline the public importance of this case.

I express no views on the merits of this particular controversy. Nor do I now take a position on the issue of mootness. But I do believe that the questions tendered are extremely significant and justify review by this Court.

SCIENCE IN BOOKS

WHEN THE DAFFODIL

The Yellow We Identify With This Flower

WE SEE the yellow daffodil growing up out of the ground, and it seems clear that its color, the most emphatic thing about it, grows up with it, belongs to it, is it. Yet no; that yellow on the daffodil, that red on the rose, was eight minutes ago in the sun.

Before this was discovered in the seventeenth century it was not known that all flowers are black. No one realized that not one single color belongs to any object intrinsically, and that all objects are black or no-color. Little was known as to the nature of light and no one had thought of attempting to split it up. It was left for the great Newton to appear with his prism in the dark room. Even today his little experiment still fascinates us. We make a neat hole in the blind; a ray of sunshine passes across the darkness to a screen. Then we place a prism (roughly a piece of glass with at least three sides) in the path of the ray. Instead of the beam passing on—though bent by the glass—we see separate bands of light each of a different color, the most obvious being red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and violet.

A beam of ordinary white light, any thread of it however thin, is a bundle of rays which can be fanned by a prism because the particular wavelength or scale of each makes it subject to a particular degree of bending. Thus spread out each ray is discerned as a different color. We close the fan and it is white again.

Of course there is no necessity to take a prism and go into a dark room in order to satisfy ourselves that color exists in white light. All we need is a garden, a garden-hose, and a sunny day. We turn on the hose, arranging the nozzle so that the water comes out as a fine spray, and stand with our backs to the sun—and there in front of us is a rainbow.

Failing a garden and hose, we all have eyelashes and noses. If we sit down and turn our faces to the sun and then screw up our noses while half-closing the eyes (thus looking hideous to a spectator), we find that the very fine hairs on the bridge of the nose, together with our eyelashes, will stretch out most of the spectrum.

Thus, then, the waves of light fall upon the objects of the world. What happens depends upon the constitution of the object. One will absorb all the waves; another will reject them all; another will accept some and reject others. The black tulip has accepted all and gives us none; the white rose has accepted none and gives us all; the daffodil has accepted most but gives us one: yellow which is sent back to our eyes.

Can we satisfy ourselves visually that, though the spectrum exists, there are no colors on earth irrespective of it? We can if we are prepared to undertake extraordinary means to pass steadily away from the light of the sun. If instead of going up in a balloon into the heights of the air we descend in a balloon into the depths of the sea we shall behold objects changing their color before our eyes as the different waves of light grow weaker.

Our companion of course would be William Beebe, who is accustomed to journey into the deep dark realms of the ocean in his bathysphere. Descending slowly one day, when less than fifty feet beneath the surface he happened to glance at a large prawn which he had taken with him. Its color is, as most people know, an attractive scarlet. "To my astonishment," he relates, "it was no longer scarlet, but a deep velvety black." . . .

But if the force of light must wait till it strikes something before appearing as luminosity, how are we able to see the sky flooded with light? The answer is that the so-called empty air is packed with atoms and molecules which, while less easy to discern than whales, are just as physical. . . .

THE reason why the sky is seen as blue is to be explained by molecule-power in intercepting wave-lengths of light. The molecules sift them out. It seems that the air molecules are the right size to intercept the blue waves and scatter them abroad so that we get an impression of blue. It is not so easy for the molecules to scatter the longer

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IS COLORED BLACK

Disappears If Taken From the Light

red waves, but as evening comes on the sun lies low on the horizon and its rays are obliged to traverse many more miles of atmosphere and much more dust than at noon. Most of the shorter waves are filtered out—rather in the same way as when we go down in the bathysphere with Beebe—while the longer ones, the orange, the ruby, and the rose, give us the celebrated colors of the sunset.

It is possible to see colored clouds at high noon; but these are more properly called iridescent clouds and they belong to the same family, as it were, as the halo, the corona, the aureole, the fog-bow, the dew-bow, and other rings all caused by complicated diffraction of light by drops of water and mist. The term *Heilgenschein* is reserved for the remarkable aureole of light just above the shadow of our heads when in the early morning we stand on the dewy grass with our backs to the slanting sun.

EQUALLY thrilling and, fortunately, more ordinary, is the rainbow. We have already noted how the rainbow exhibits the spectrum. Yet why should we get an arch? The answer is that we do not: We get part of a circle —the whole of which we can discern from a very high place. Again, why only this one circle? Once more we are mistaken: there are many, though we can see only one or two of them. Even so it is surprising. Granted that the water-drops act as prisms fanning out the waves of light, why do we not see a chaos of colors, a ragged and incoherent conglomeration on the screen? How comes it that we see the neat perfect circle?

It is done by virtue of those geometrical laws which are our comfort and our stay. If our hearts leap up at the sight of a rainbow in the sky, it is made possible by geometry, that mystery lying at the foundations of Nature, as if it were the first of the tools of God. Thus we are told, as a sort of Rule One of the business, that the angle of reflection is exactly equal to the angle of incidence—as it falls so it bends away. It might *not* have been thus ordered. We might have supposed that it could be inconsistent in its behavior like a refractory child. But never. This is comforting. And it makes for beauty.

STILL, how comes it that we get our circle? Imagine a raindrop the size of a plum. It acts as a detainer for some rays, though others pass straight through it. Those which strike its top and bottom are bent inwards and go to the farther edge of the drop which acts as the wall of a mirror, so that the ray comes back to our eyes. Multiply this process so that it is acting all round the drop; and multiply the drop by myriads, though each is being replaced by another as the rain falls!—and we get an inkling of what happens. In obedience to these marvellous geometrical laws the arches are set up to the delight of all mankind. Their appeal is greatest in the mountain regions, perhaps especially in that part of the world where the light that never shone on land or sea shines on sea and land—in Ireland. The rainbows that I saw in my youth hang before me still. As I write, I think of one. I had been wandering alone in the Wicklow Mountains during many hours of unbroken rain. As late afternoon came on there was a break in the western sky, the sun came out, and the curtain in the east was lifted to reveal the hills from stony crag to curving lawn. It was still showering over there, and a great archway was set up, one pedestal on each side of a valley. At the foot of one, in the rainbow, I saw illuminated a shepherd boy waving his arms rather as if conducting an orchestra, evidently in communication with his dog, and on the other side I could see some transfigured sheep. A simple theme; a pastoral of old time; not quite departed from us yet—though less familiar than when Wordsworth wrote, "Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy shepherd boy."

—JOHN STEWART COLLIS,
in "The Nature of Light,"
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by John Stewart Collis,
(Horizon Press, $3.75).

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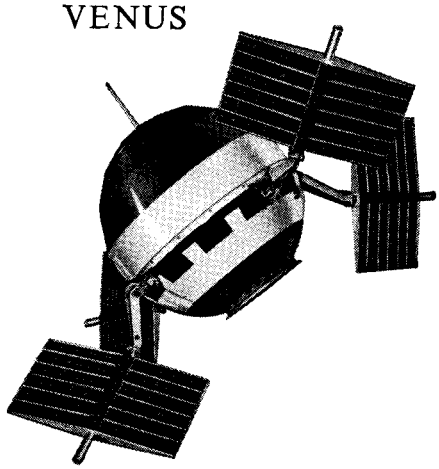
PIONEER V
IS VAULTING
TOWARD THE
ORBITAL
PATH OF
VENUS



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PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—L

THE COSMIC EVOLUTIONIST: DR. MAURICE EWING

The Valley He Found in Mountaintops Beneath the Sea May Be the Clinching Clue to an Expanding Earth

ATOP the great stone palisade that walls the setting sun from the chasm of the Hudson—almost three times as deep and wide beneath the water as the Grand Canyon of the Colorado is beneath the sky — John Torrey's flower garden has bloomed year after year for many generations. In it a century ago Torrey's protege in botany, Asa Gray, found the seeds for pollination of Charles Darwin's theory of the evolution of life on Earth. Torrey, Gray, and Darwin all have passed on, but the garden still burgeons with progeny and today belongs to the setting of a study of evolution of the Earth itself. Descendants of Torrey's original flowers now grow within the grounds of Lamont Geological Observatory of Columbia University, whence Dr. Maurice Ewing sails around and around the globe in scrutiny of cosmic change recorded in a valley indenting mountain peaks that stretch in an endless chain beneath the sea.

As first winner of the Vetlesen Prize in geophysics (its gold medal and $25,000 check convey the equivalent of Nobel award prestige), Dr. Ewing was destined for a spell of adulation this spring. It happened, moreover, that the prize-giving came in the midst of significant new interpretations of his work, among them a paper in *Nature* in which J. Tuzo Wilson postulates some consequences of an expanding Earth.

There has been speculation among scientists, beginning with the English physicist Paul Dirac in 1937, that the pull of gravity on Earth's surface is gradually diminishing. Since no one knows what gravity is but everyone accepts it as the force that holds the planets in place around the Sun, the lessening of gravity obviously has enormous implications for the long future of man. Any reliable clues to the state of gravity's being are well worth the time spent in searching. The first clue noted in Wilson's cogitations is that gravity diminishing at the rate Dirac supposed would allow the circumference of the Earth to grow a tiny bit bigger every year. And if the Earth were growing at that speed, there must be steadily widening cracks in the outer shell of the planet. According to Wilson's calculations, the rift that Ewing has traced across the summits of 45,000 miles of submarine ridges bisecting every ocean floor on Earth is just the right size to clinch the argument—one to five miles at the bottom and four to twenty miles at the top.

Though Maurice Ewing and his Lamont staff have been punching holes in this meandering valley (like the ridge containing it, it looks on a map like an interlocked collection of fishhooks) from the research vessel *Vema* since 1953 to determine the composition of the sediments, the Vetlesen Prize winner himself has little to say (in contradiction to critics who accuse him of claiming too much on too little evidence) about such larger speculations as the relation between the valley and Vanguard I's discovery that the Earth is slightly pear-shaped. He restricts his observations to the coincidence of the rift with foci of earthquakes everywhere (Wilson adds that more heat from Earth's interior comes up through the valley than anywhere else) and accepts the belief of Dutch geodesist Vening Meinesz that the primordial Earth was formed by convection currents on which the present-day land surface first floated as one huge chunk of lighter debris, subsequently being pulled apart into continents which are still being separated.

One logical result of an expanding planet might be the crumpling of continental mountain chains at the very angles to each other which they do occupy. Such shiftings in the Earth's crust could rearrange the land around the poles. It was, in fact, that sort of realignment that Ewing and William Donn (a Lamont meteorologist who also teaches at Brooklyn College) imagined as the basis for their new ice-age theory in 1956.

The ice-age reasoning did not begin with the valley at the top of the submarine mountains, however. It started with a core cut out of the floor of the Caribbean. About a foot below the sea-bottom, a sample from the core revealed, the sediments suddenly changed color, from pink to gray. Laboratory analysis on the *Vema* suggested that this might be a sign of sudden warming of the Atlantic Ocean, about 11,000 years ago.

Why had the warming occurred? Great quantities of the ice that now holds north Atlantic temperatures down must have melted. Suppose the melting had taken place in the Arctic Ocean, what then? Arctic waters would evaporate. Rain and snow would fall on neighboring lands. Glaciers would form, grow, and gradually lock up the sea. The warmer Atlantic water could no longer cross the narrow rock sill that divides the Atlantic from the Arctic. The Arctic Ocean would freeze over. With no rain and snow to nourish them, the glaciers would melt. The sea level would rise again and the whole process could be renewed.

It might seem from all this that Maurice Ewing is primarily an oceanographer. Since three-fourths of Earth's surface is submerged, it would be entirely reasonable for him to be so and yet rank high among geophysicists. The most heroic legend of his life has, indeed, to do with the sea. It happened in 1954, when the *Vema* was heading for Bermuda. A gale blew up. Dr. Ewing, his younger brother John (also a scientist at Lamont), and two sailers defied the wind to try to save some instruments. All went overboard. After forty minutes in the angry water, the Ewings and one of the two sailors were sighted from a masthead and rescued. Dr. Ewing spent the next two weeks recuperating from a brain concussion.

IN truth, Maurice Ewing loves the sea only as a place where he can carry on scientific investigation of the Earth. To the same degree that he is an oceanographer, he is also a seismologist, a meteorologist, a geologist, an inventor, a teacher, and an administrator. More than any of those, he is a physicist, and he calls himself simply "geophysicist."

This designation is as accurate and at the same time as deceiving as Dr. Ewing's description of himself as a person: "a big, rough-looking character." Shaggy forelocks of thick gray hair fall over a powerful brow. His bright blue eyes pierce rather than see.

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—*Columbia.*

Dr. Maurice Ewing on the *Vema.*

Standing six feet plus, square and broad across the shoulders, he seems to belong in the old clothes he prefers. The heavy thick hands that emerge from his worn sleeves almost shape the impression of ruggedness into another dimension. But out of his weathered face—it looks a little older than its fifty-three years—comes a gentle voice in a slow soft drawl that speaks of Texas. When news reporters are about, he is forbidding, and, as his secretary, Mrs. Harriett Bassett, says, "sometimes prickly." But as he talks about his work his grimness gives way to an easy smile, sparks of warmth, and impulsive darts of imagination in and out of the old and the prosaic.

A man cannot possibly do what Maurice Ewing has done without having somewhere in him a touch of the poet. It appeared in his first scientific paper, published in *Science* while he was still a junior at Rice Institute in Houston. As he walked across the campus one moonlit after-midnight, he had noticed how the moon shimmered rainbows on dew pearled in the grass. The paper described how he persuaded a companion to walk around the dew-bows in order to measure the angles of the moonlight's reflection.

An exacting physicist was at work there, and if he had been like most of the other physics students he grew up with, he would have plunged at once into the depths of the atom. As the oldest of seven children of a farming family, however, young Maurice had to earn his way through college. On summer vacations he got jobs with oil companies prospecting off-shore in Texas and Louisiana. By dumping explosives over the sides of boats and recording the times when the echoes came back, it was possible to guess whether the sound might have traveled through oil beneath the water.

The Ewing boy noticed something that didn't matter to the oil people: the sound waves traveled at different speeds through the same water. He wondered whether the differences might have something to do with the structure of the Earth. And after a brief experiment in teaching at Pittsburgh, he moved further east in Pennsylvania to Lehigh University and found, across the Delaware River in New Jersey, limestone quarries where frequent blasting of rock provided a ready-made, inexpensive laboratory technique to test his hypothesis.

The economic depression of 1929 being then at its worst, Dr. Ewing improvised instruments from obsolete prospecting equipment he begged from the oil firms. But they were all he needed to determine that shock waves travel at varying speeds through muddy sand, through clay, through sand-clay sediment or through solid rock. Modern study of the Earth's crust was thus modestly begun.

Among the readers of the research reports Dr. Ewing wrote on the quarry blasts were members of the Committee on Continents and Ocean Basins of the American Geophysical Union. One fall day in 1934 "two very distinguished looking men" appeared in the Ewing laboratory. They were Drs. William Bowie of the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey and William Field of Princeton. They had very little money, they said, but they did have an interesting question: What was the continental shelf that slopes seventy-five miles out and down from the Atlantic coast really like?

With A. P. Crary and H. M. Rutherford, the young Lehigh instructor undertook to answer the question on a $2,200 American Geological Society grant during the following summer. But a research cruise off Norfolk on a Coast and Geodetic Survey boat was frustrated. Not until October did the party actually get to work at sea, and then aboard the *Atlantis*, the famous research vessel of the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution. In spite of the delay (eased by a month's leave from Lehigh) the measurements were completed and the continental shelf was confirmed to be a gradual continuation of the bedrock of the Earth.

The kind of physics involved in this project was old-fashioned. Maurice Ewing felt out of place at meetings of the physics societies. Everyone who attended them was steeped in the promise of the atomic nucleus. So he went instead to meetings of the geologists and geophysicists.

When World War II came, his independence of mind paid off. Foreseeing the importance of identifying sound waves in water infested by submarines, he took leave of absence from Lehigh in 1940 and went to Woods Hole. With him he took a student, J. L. Worzel (now second in command at Lamont). For the next six months, Worzel recalls, "we borrowed from each other what little money we had, and somehow managed." Then, in January 1941, Columbus O'Donnell Iselin, director of Woods Hole, got them a grant and collaborated with them on a manual for underwater sound transmission that is still used.

Out of that study came Ewing's subsequent discovery of the SOFAR (sound fixing and ranging) method of signaling distant ships by detonating explosives under water.

SOFAR brought Dr. Ewing the Navy's highest civilian honor—The Distinguished Public Service Award—and made him a luminary worth acquisition by Columbia University's faculty. As Professor of Geophysics in the Geology Department at Columbia, his big problem was where to do basic research. New York City was out of the question; its motor traffic and subways would constantly disturb the sensitive seismographs. Wasn't there some quiet place along the Hudson? Never a quiet man about what he wants, Dr. Ewing let plenty of people hear the question. The widow of financier Thomas Lamont answered that there might be. She was thinking of giving the Lamont estate on the Palisades to Columbia. After a few conversations with her, Dr. Ewing brought the Lamont Geological Observatory into existence in 1949. Ever since then he has made his base of operations there.

THE one-time formality of the 100-acre Lamont estate has disappeared. The elegant rooms of the pink sandstone colonial mansion have been chopped into offices, labs, and map rooms to accommodate growth of Ewing's staff from fifteen to 200 people. The once-fragrant greenhouse is now a machine shop. The seven-car garage is a storage depot for cores from the ocean deeps. The underground vegetable cellar, tunneled in the side of the hill, houses the touchy seismographs. The swimming pool has become a biology lab. The gardeners' and gate-keepers' cottages make lovely homes for the families of Dr. Worzel, Dr. John E. Nase, Dr. George Sutton, and Angelo Ludas. Where John Torrey's summer home once stood, Lamont's director Ewing lives with his second wife Margaret (once his secretary) and their four children: Jerome, Hope, Peter, and Maggie. Ginkgo and beech trees cool the lawns, apple and plum orchards bloom and bear each year, and in the spring when Dr. Ewing lounges out of doors with his children (as he does on Sundays), the flowers in the old Torrey garden nod knowingly in the breeze.

—ROBERTA SILMAN.

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—Harvard.

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *Into the human body by scores of new routes in search of understanding of the processes of life. The grand network of entry is, of course, the bloodstream. Three hundred-odd years ago, when the English surgeon William Harvey discovered how the blood circulated, the fluid itself was a sticky mystery varying in color from red to blue. Slowly with passing time and research came realization that the blood contains formed elements with specific functions—red cells to convert oxygen from the lungs into hemoglobin fuel for the body tissues, white cells to fight off disease, and platelets to help form clots and repair tears in the blood vessel walls—all floating freely within an intricate complex of liquid proteins and metals known collectively as plasma. At Harvard University two decades back the plasma was invaded by a man who deserved a Nobel Prize but didn't*

DOUGLAS SURGENOR
(*Harvard Medical School*)

ONE of the most interesting areas of research on blood has to do with the formation of blood clots and the disposal of clots after they have fulfilled their function. What is the basic chemistry of these remarkable processes? What sets them off? What controls does the body exert upon these reactions, and what is the eventual fate of the clot itself? Answers to such questions could materially affect the health of millions of people who may one day suffer a serious loss of blood because of failure of normal clotting function, or who, conversely, may experience serious, even fatal blockage of blood flow to some vital part due to a too-ready tendency to form a clot, or to impaired ability to dispose of an already formed clot.

The transformation of fluid blood into the rigid gel that constitutes clots has aroused the curiosity of scientists for centuries. Prior to the eighteenth century, the prevailing view was that clotting involved the whole composition of the blood; that is, everything participated in the transformation. But in 1738, the English physiologist, William Hewson, in a treatise published in the Proceedings of the Royal Society, showed that a clot comprised only a small part of the blood and it originated from a protein of the "coagulable lymph"—what we now know as the plasma. In modern terms, Hewson had observed the transformation of the soluble protein, fibrinogen (one of a hundred or more plasma proteins) into a three dimensional polymer called fibrin. Fibrin is the matrix of the blood clot.

In the nineteenth century the outline of a second major aspect of blood clotting was elucidated. Under certain conditions, it was discovered, the insoluble fibrin clot redissolves. This process, known as fibrinolysis, was shown by the Frenchman, Denis de Commercy, in 1838, to result from the action of a ferment, or enzyme, upon the fibrin.

There thus exists within the blood the ability to change from a fluid to a solid and back to a fluid again. There are mechanisms not only for sealing off breaks in the circulatory system when serious loss of blood is threatened, but for dissolving the clot once the slower process of tissue repair has been completed and the danger of blood loss is removed. Clearly, grave dangers threaten should this complex mechanism for any reason malfunction.

Most textbooks are behind the times in their description of the situation. They depict clotting as a process which is called into action only intermittently. Fibrinoylsis usually receives only passing comment. However, new observations flowing from research laboratories all over the world reveal a state of continuous activity in both directions: clot formation and fibrinolysis. Perhaps the most direct substantiation comes from the elegant micromovies of blood flow in living capillaries Dr. George Fulton, of Boston University, has taken. In these films tiny blood vessels are seen to rupture, even under apparently normal circumstances; when this happens a thrombus, or clot, forms quickly to plug the hole and permit repair to the damaged wall of the vessel. Studies in other laboratories show that the everyday process of living exposes the circulatory network to a steady series of stresses. Interactions with the environment (e.g., bumping into solid objects such as desk tops and doorways, or being jostled on subway trains, or undergoing other experiences resulting in elevated blood pressure) all constitute a continuum of stress which elicits a steady response on the part of the clotting mechanism. The mere climbing of a flight of stairs is sufficient to rupture many tiny capillaries that could prove troublesome unless repaired promptly.

In a dynamic state of equilibrium such as this, where clot formation and tissue repair and clot lysis are balanced against each other, there is presumably some leeway in terms of the variations which may be tolerated without seriously affecting life. But disturbances do sometimes occur. For example, in a vessel where flow is for any reason already diminished, there is a tendency toward the formation of a clot, or numerous tiny clots. If the tiny clots remain discrete, they may be carried by the flowing blood until they are either dissolved or are trapped in some other part of the circulatory network too small to let them pass. Not infrequently this happens in the capillaries of the lungs, and leads to serious consequences.

WHAT are the chemical events that go to make up these important processes? The fibrinogen-fibrin transformation is the conclusion of a complex series of reactions. The agent that brings about the formation of fibrin is an enzyme: thrombin. Thrombin is so potent that one part of it can convert over a million parts of fibrinogen into fibrin. Because of this potency, thrombin could be lethal if it circulated freely within the veins. Consequently, thrombin ordinarily exists in the form of an inactive proenzyme, prothrombin.

The catalyst for the conversion of prothrombin to thrombin is a substance called thromboplastin, probably also an enzyme. Like thrombin, thromboplastin is not a normal constituent of the circulating blood, but is formed from precursor substances in what is sometimes referred to as the first stage of clotting. Here nature has evolved a dual set of mechanisms, as if to make doubly sure that the blood will clot when circumstances demand clotting. The first of these operations begins in injured tissues of the body, which exude juice which in turn initiates a reaction with at least two plasma proteins to form tissue thromboplastin. Not all tissues have equal ability to foment this process; lung and brain tissue are among the most active.

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get one because he pushed too many people too hard to accomplish his ends. He was one of Harvard's privileged half dozen University Professors, Dr. Edwin Cohn.

Dr. Cohn's historic contribution to medicine was the joint application of a principle of physics (the action of centrifugal force) and a principle of chemistry (the solubility of proteins) to blood. By using these principles together, Dr. Cohn and the staff he gathered about him took the blood apart step by step, removing first the cells and platelets and then breaking down the plasma into fractions. Out came a still growing array of pastes and powders that could be bottled and stored sometimes for years before being injected back into the blood.

Before his untimely death a few years ago, Dr. Cohn patented his blood fractionation method and willed the financial proceeds to a private research organization to continue his work: The Protein Foundation. Since his passing the first lieutenant of his old laboratory, Dr. Douglas M. Surgenor, has played a prominent role in furthering The Protein Foundation's extension of Dr. Cohn's blood study. Below Dr. Surgenor describes what he sees on the expanding frontier ahead.

The second pathway in thromboplastin formation involves blood platelets (like the red and white cells, these are tiny formed elements of the blood), the antihemophilic factor in the blood plasma, and at least three other plasma proteins. This mechanism is set in motion when blood is exposed to a foreign surface. For example, when blood is collected into a glass tube, and contamination by tissue juice is avoided, the blood will clot in a few minutes.

The potential supply of thromboplastin and thrombin is large. When blood is allowed to clot in an uncoated glass tube it is possible to measure the course of formation of these two substances by withdrawing samples at appropriate time intervals. For the first minute or two, while the triggering occurs, neither substance is detectable. Then thromboplastin begins to appear, followed immediately by thrombin. At this point the formation of the fibrin gel is proceeding at a rapid rate and a visible clot appears. Then a strange thing happens: thromboplastin and thrombin fall off, and in another few minutes neither can be found at all.

TERMINATION of the sequence of forward reactions results from the activity of enzyme inhibitors, normally absent, which arise to prevent (as it were) the spread into other parts of the body of such potentially harmful substances as thromboplastin and thrombin. Such is the delicacy of control of the clotting process that the action is localized even in the face of blood flow past the site of action.

In fibrinolysis, the dissolution pattern is very similar to that observed in clot formation. The key enzyme, fibrinolysin, exists normally in the blood in the form of an inactive proenzyme, profibrinolysin. Fibrinolysin is formed from this precursor under a multitude of conditions. There are blood and tissue activators, as well as substances quite foreign to the body, all of which can speed the formation of fibrinolysin. The blood activator is not well understood, but is though to be responsible for the increased fibrinolytic activity after exercise or in severe stress. Indeed, in cases of sudden death, the fibrinolytic mechanism is so active that the blood remains fluid.

Tissue activators of profibrinolysin have an interesting distribution in the body. All secretory fluids—milk, sweat, tears, and urine—are rich in this substance. The reason for occurrence of the tissue activator is not clear, but it is tempting to speculate that it functions to keep open the secretory passages even in case of injury and hemorrhage. Currently there is considerable interest in using activator, called urokinase, for clinical experimentation with this part of the clotting mechanism.

Reminiscent of the forward process of clotting, there is in blood plasma an inhibitor of fibrinolysin which appears to act by combining with the dissolving enzyme and covering its active site. Recent evidence seems to show that this enzyme-inhibitor complex acts as a kind of buffer to prevent fibrinolysin from breaking down other proteins in the body. The fibrin in blood clots alone seems able to attract the fibrinolysin away from the buffer, thus apparently providing a safeguard to other tissues while directing action of the fibrinolysin toward the clot.

THE most important non-human activator of profibrinolysin is streptokinase, a protein isolated from the culture broth of streptococcal bacteria. Though highly purified, streptokinase is still a streptococcal protein. It therefore suffers the disadvantage that its activity may be neutralized by antibodies in a recipient who became immune to streptococcal action through an earlier infection. Nevertheless, Dr. Sol Sherry and his colleagues at Washington University in St. Louis have made important progress in approaching a rational basis for therapy with this agent.

The frontier of blood clotting research thus extends the whole distance from the study of the molecular basis of blood clotting reactions to the prevention and therapy of disorders of clotting. Physicians have long used the so-called anticoagulant drugs such as dicoumarol, to depress the clot-forming mechanism and decrease the tendency toward thromboses. Increased use of "heart-lung" machines, which oxygenate and pump blood during surgery of the heart and chest, demands the ability to take over control of the clot forming mechanism while the circulatory network is connected to the pump oxygenator and to reestablish the normal steady state when the machine is disconnected. This is done with the fast acting drugs heparin and protamine. Heparin blocks the first stage of clotting while protamine counteracts the action of heparin.

At the present time clinical investigators are beginning to turn the fibrinolytic mechanism to their advantage in attempting to dissolve clots lodged in leg vessels and in the blood supply to the heart and brain.

Promising reports of preliminary findings with purified human preparations of certain components of the fibrinolytic system have now begun to appear, notably from Dr. Eugene Cliffton at the Sloan-Kettering Institute in New York, and from Dr. Julian Ambrus at the Roswell Park Memorial Institute in Buffalo. However, studies with human proteins, derived from human plasma, are fraught with the peril of transmission of the virus of serum hepatitis. (Streptokinase does not share this handicap.) Considerable effort is now being expended to make available safe, potent, and stable preparations not only of fibrinolytic components, but also of factors involved in clot formation.

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Fiction

Continued from page 20

sians; the inner consciousness of each isolated individual with his private obsessions, concerns, memories, and anxieties. As the conventional conversation patterns form and move from character to character they reach into each private world, eliciting moods which, even in so guarded a group, erupt to the surface, deflecting the conversation, causing sudden mute exchanges, tender, hostile, happy, or sad, abrupt flashes of understanding. From time to time a gust of emotion breaks through, blending the dinner party into a whole as it releases in all the characters preoccupations common to them all: love, time in the form of age, and death.

M. Mauriac's novel is unpretentious, somewhat artificial, but interesting in its pattern and quite entertaining.

TRANSPORT TO DANGER: Having become a *nom célèbre* in the West before any serious evaluation of his work was possible, Marek Hlasko is a writer whose work has been read here in terms of his reputation. So far, three of his novellas have been published in English, the latest being **"Next Stop—Paradise"** (translated by Norbert Guterman; Dutton, $3.95). The warm applause given the first two, "The Eighth Day of the Week" and "The Graveyards" (as well as a movie based on the former) was, I believe, too much involved with the image of Hlasko created by journalists, and thus out of the context in which he should have been considered—that is, as a maker of literature. For it would be unfair to view Marek Hlasko merely as a political pamphleteer, a reporter from or of "the dark side of contemporary Polish life" or, no irony intended, of the fashionable "angry young movement." Mr. Hlasko, I am sure, does not think of himself as any of these. He is a writer of considerable talent; his ambitions are genuine, his technical skill often amazingly good, and his urge to be honest is unquestionable. What seems to be wrong is the astigmatism he displays, both as a social critic and an artist. He fails to bring to the surface the real reason for his hero's misery (although he obviously tries) and points his finger at a villain that is really an abstract composed of superficial contemporary notions and which only a biased spectator would call flesh.

"Next Stop—Paradise" is a novella about a group of truck drivers struggling in the mountainous region of southwestern Poland against the indifference of their employer, the State, the inefficiency of the machine, the worn-out trucks, and the conflicts (never clearly formulated) within themselves. Justifiably terrified of the dangers involved in their work (one after another, they die in the wreckage of antiquated machines), they are hostile to a Party member called Zabawa, who has been assigned by his superiors to "repair" their morale, imbue them with a social awareness and, above all, to help do the job of delivering the timber to the appropriate place. The driver's hostility is further aggravated by Zabawa's wife, Wanda, a monomaniacal woman concerned only with resuming normal life in the city. What effects this situation has on each member of the crew, the work, and Zabawa's view of himself and his mission is the plot of Mr. Hlasko's story. The author's free use of "objectionable" words, his scatological outlook on life and man, and his use of dramatic incident add up to what some readers might call strong, lifelike literature.

For me, the book barely escapes being a photographic montage of horror, decaying humanity and nature, and those parts of the human body usually transcribed in dots. To oversimplify is to distort; I cannot identify with Hlasko's implied sympathy for the fate of his men, pretty grim, to be sure, because, with the exception of Zabawa, they seem incapable of wanting sympathy. Neither can I accept Hlasko's conclusion that the source of their "drama" is the social system in which they live. There are other terms, much more convincing, in which this system can be condemned. And the writer who is committed to seeking the truth of life must look for an answer instead of snatching at one; he must go on beyond neurosis and his own sense of personal damage. —PAWEL MAYEWSKI.

Literary Horizons

Continued from page 15

cheat, and so long as there is not absolute proof to the contrary, they remain convinced that he did cheat. Like their opponents, they act out of a variety of motives, but there is no gainsaying their devotion to the college. If Nightingale, their leader, has tampered with the evidence, as is suggested, he has done so with the best of intentions.

What makes the drama of the latter part of the book is that Lewis Eliot is no longer merely trying to understand how opinions are formed; he is seeking to influence their formation. Of the four Senior Fellows who are to decide on Howard's fate two are settled in their minds, on opposite sides, from the beginning. That leaves two men to be convinced: Crawford, the Master, and Brown, the Senior Tutor. Crawford is finally won over, and Eliot can take some of the credit for that, but that only means that the board is hopelessly divided. What brings Brown to reconsider his position is the unexpected and essentially accidental intervention of Paul Jago, whom readers of "The Masters" will remember as the unsuccessful candidate for the mastership. As a consequence, a rough sort of justice is done.

"The Affair" is the eighth volume to be published in the Strangers and Brothers series. The first, the book that gives its title to the series, appeared in England in 1940. By that time Snow had conceived his general idea: in his thirty-five years he felt he had been privileged to see many aspects of British life, enough to furnish him with material for ten or eleven novels. But, having made his plan, Snow did not shut himself up in a Proustian chamber; on the contrary, he proceeded to have a quadruple career—in science, literature, business, and the civil service. New experiences have repeatedly changed his original plan, but his aim has remained constant. That is to say, he is concerned with showing the quality of life, specifically British life, in our time, with particular reference to the nature of power, the reasons for success and failure, and the operations of the moral intelligence.

The many-sidedness of Snow's activity is, in our age, a staggering phenomenon, but of course the important thing is that he is an extraordinarily talented novelist. He is not brilliant in the way that Lawrence Durrell is brilliant: he is no poet and no experimentalist; he never tries for more than adequacy in his prose, and his manner of telling a story is deliberately old-fashioned. He lets nothing get in the way of the functioning of his great qualities, which are simply intelligence and compassion. How far they take him is one of the marvels of contemporary fiction.

I am not altogether happy that Snow has returned to the academic scene, for I am not sure that "The Affair" adds enough to what was said in "The Masters" to justify its place in the series. On the other hand, I have read it with pleasure and with a sharp realization that there is no one else who can do just this sort of thing. We have writers whose insights go deeper than Snow's, but there is no one who matches his lucidity. Of many of our best novelists it has to be said that what they chiefly communicate is a sense of the mystery of personality. This sense is not lacking in Snow—far from it; but his awareness of mystery does not prevent him from pushing intelligence as far as he can make it go, and that is a long way.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1363

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

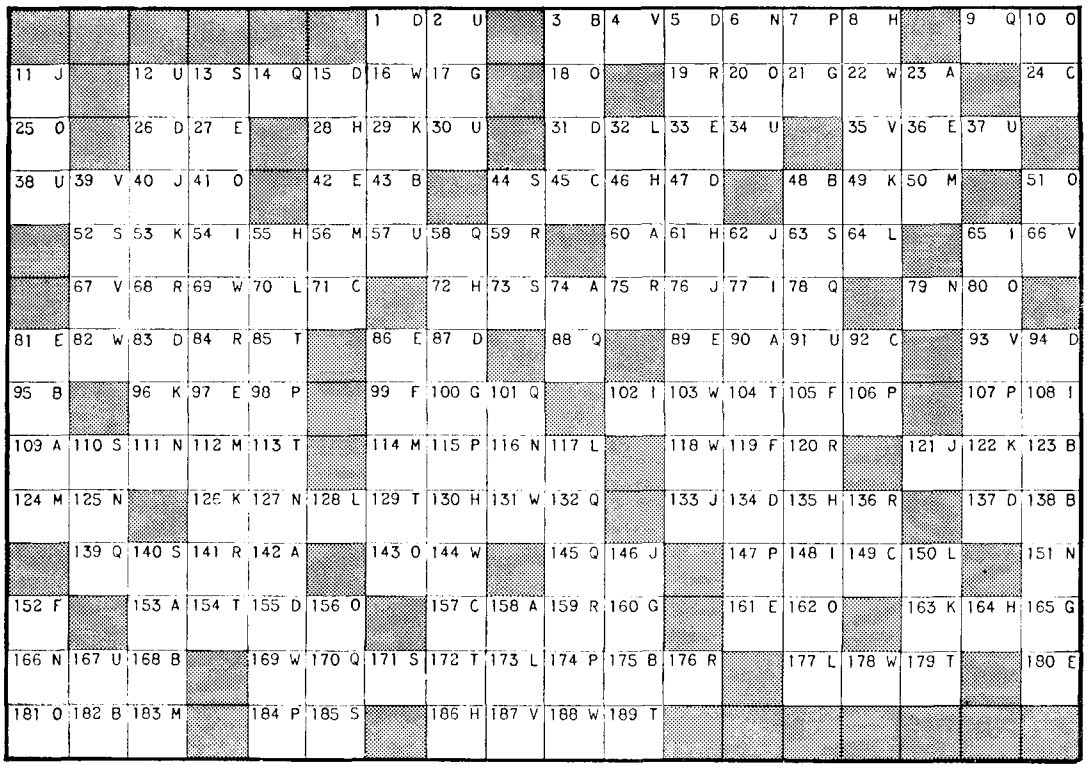
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Minor prophet of the Old Testament, who talked to the Lord about the terror of the Chaldeans.	158 109 60 90 142 153 74 23
B. Site of Rembrandt House; also volcanic island in S. Indian Ocean, dependency of Madagascar.	123 3 43 138 175 168 95 48 182
C. Water plant often called witches'-butter.	149 45 92 157 24 71
D. Opening words of one famous test sentence for typewriters (4 wds.).	94 155 31 26 87 5 134 83 47 137 1 15
E. Unequal-sided (term in biology).	86 161 89 36 42 180 97 33 81 27
F. Measures for carrying about 200 alewives each.	119 152 105 99
G. The girl in the poker game.	100 21 165 160 17
H. What Ogden Nash spent many and many of, "scouring the woods with Daniel Boone."	135 46 72 55 8 130 61 164 28 186
I. Ends of the digits of ungulate mammals.	108 148 65 54 77 102
J. Zeros.	40 146 62 121 76 133 11
K. A transverse piece in a structure.	96 122 53 49 126 29 163
L. Legendary Danish king in early Britain, in whose castle Beowulf performed feats.	32 117 173 177 64 150 70 128

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Provides permanent support for.	183 56 50 114 112 124
N. Egyptian king who built the obelisk now in Rome before the Lateran.	127 166 111 151 6 79 116 125
O. Current popular song of wishful thinking (5 wds.).	181 25 18 20 10 41 143 80 156 51 162
P. Fixed.	174 184 115 98 147 7 106 107
Q. Traditionally absent from most murders.	170 101 58 9 88 139 14 132 78 145
R. Period of eight years used by ancient Greeks to justify their solar and lunar years, before introduction of Metonic Cycle.	141 75 136 159 84 19 120 59 68 176
S. One of the substances S. V. Benét says we "quarry the mine" of Walt Whitman to find (2 wds.).	185 13 140 52 44 63 73 171 110
T. One of the S-shaped cornices of a scroll pediment.	113 189 129 104 154 179 172 85
U. The bride and groom.	34 37 30 12 2 38 167 57 91
V. The ivory horn of Orlando, once the property of Alexander, whose bray could be heard for twenty miles.	4 67 39 66 93 187 35
W. Not cut short (said of a conjugation, mirror, statue, etc.; comp.).	169 82 188 16 103 69 144 22 131 118 178

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words: if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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NEW SEA-SAFARI CRUISE

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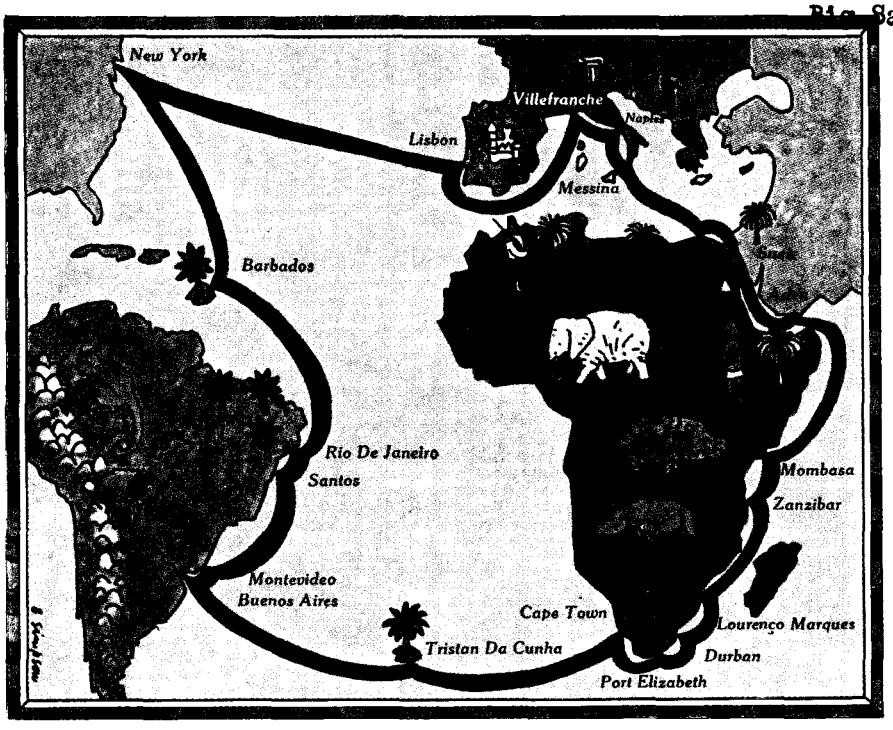

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4 CONTINENTS · 19 PORTS

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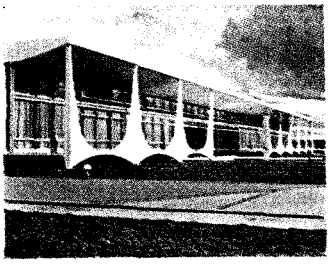
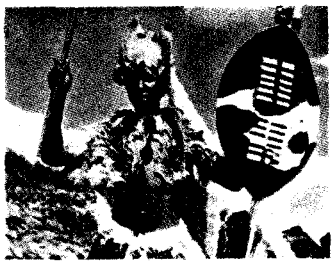
Shore Program by Thos. Cook & Son. Ask your Travel Agent for SEA-SAFARI brochure or write to the address below.



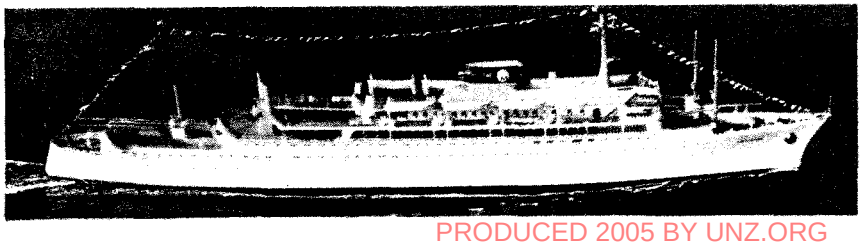
Brasilia, startlingly modern city, is Brasil's new, inland capital. This is the President's palace. Orchids and skyscrapers, samba bands and *gauchos*, centuries-old churches and modern shops—this, too, is South America.



Near modern Durban, you'll see Zulu dancers; visit the Sultan's palace in clove-scented Zanzibar. Inland trips take you to Victoria Falls, Mt. Kilimanjaro, big game preserves where lions, hippos, elephants roam wild.

Egypt will show you her Sphinx and pyramids, the ageless Nile. You'll touch Arabia at Aden, sail through the Red Sea and the Suez Canal to the blue Mediterranean. From Messina, see lovely Taormina with its Greek ruins on Sicily.

The Casino at Monte Carlo. An evening drive here from Villefranche along the French Riviera is as unforgettable as the one you'll take along the famous Amalfi drive near Naples. Then Lisbon—last stop on this story book cruise!



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